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"BEAUTIFUL NIGHT."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, AND DEDICATED TO KATE.

I.
DREAMT I was strolling
Last night through a grove,
And gardens of flowers
All radiant with love,
Where roses were courted
And kissed by the breeze,
And song-birds were rocking,
Asleep in the trees!

II.
The moon in its beauty
Shone gloriously bright,
And stars all in splendor
Made lovely the night;
And fragrance of flowers
So rich and so rare
Were scenting so sweetly
The soft Summer-air!

III.
The nightingale warbled
His sweet melody,
And crickets were chirping
In happiest glee;
And like a young sailor,
So jolly and gay,
The whippoorwill whistled
His merry old lay.

IV.
The lilies were flirting
With silvery streams,
And shadows were dancing
With gentle moonbeams;
And dew-drops were roving
And sparkling so bright,
Caressing the roses
In fondest delight.

V.
The hills and the mountains
Were tinted with gold,
And shone in their splendor
Like castles of old,
Enchanted and silent,
I gazed on the scene,
And never saw beauty
More lovely, serene.

VI.
An Eden for lovers
Communion to hold,
And stroll in the moonlight
Their love to unfold;
While Heaven makes record,
And Time, in its course,
Proves often, too truly,
Their vows to be false!

VII.
And, strolling, I fancy
Those hearts full of woes,
Bowed down in their sorrow,
And seeking repose;
With all of their burdens,
Oh, life would be sweet,
Could they dwell for the fu-
In such a retreat! [ture

VIII.
Then up from the valleys
Comes music so gay,
And birds from their cover
Are singing their lay;
And morning appearing,
And smiling so bright,
Awakens my dreaming
Of beautiful night!

SAUL SKETREW.

REAH,
OR A LIFE FOR A LOVE.

A Story of Friendship Betrayed, Retribution and Love.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LILY MELVILLE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

Now neck to neck, with veined nostrils ope,
The panting racers swiftly cope;
While shouts of warning, rage, and prayer
From eager throats make thick the air,
Till the full length of course is run,
And swiftest feet the race have won.

The morning of the race shone bright, sharp and clear. The Leroy course glittered through the dew-drops like a thing of fatal beauty. With the dawn streams of pedestrians had tramped through the quiet villages to the gathering-place. Later on, strings of carriages beat up the dust of the hard roads. In driblets of two and three the late horses arrived, swaddled in clothes like dainty plants or fractious children. Bow-legged grooms and diminutive jockeys made the air reek with odors of the stable, and the ear painful with coarse oaths and vulgar, horsey slang. Still later on came the mob of turfites and bookmakers, all with that hungry, rednosed look which distinguishes the professed layers of odds. Then came an army of carpenters, who, with practiced facility and rapidity, literally ran up the grand-stand, and covered it with its dainty crimson cloth and Leroy streamers. Towards noon, the hour at which the chasers were to leave the starting-post, the crowd grew denser, the oaths thicker, and the shouts of "Two to one on King Cole," "Four to three on Rosicrucian," "Six to one on the favorite against the field," were hoarse and turbulent. Twelve o'clock struck from the castle-stables clock, and still no appearance of the "swells," as the lower orders delight in denominating the higher.

"Your swells are always late," said a thick-lipped turfite, biting his stubby pencil prior to booking a favorable bet. "They play to carry it high. It aint their style to be punctual. That's left for such poor chaps as us. Two to one on King Cole! Hullo! what's that weedy animal goin' in for?"

The remark was echoed by several as a dark chestnut, thin in the flank and badly groomed, made its appearance amongst the high-bred occupants of the paddock. A little, dirty-faced, closely-shaven Yorkshireman had her in charge, and he looked as nonchalant and self-satisfied as if he held the bridle of King Cole himself. Presently, while the crowd push round the sacred inclosure, a light, soft football sounds on the turf, and Mr. Jasper Vermont, the first of the "swells," leaps over the railing. Presumably he has come to cast a last glance at the favorite; but as he passes the Yorkshireman with the weedy chestnut he says behind a sheltering cough:

"That will do. Take him off. The plant's safe without him."

Three minutes later a laugh of derision rose as the announcement is made that the rough-skinned chestnut is "scratched."

"Quite time too! Who's his owner?"

But nobody knows, and nobody cares, for at that moment a gay and handsome cavalcade dash up. There are two carriages, one with the ladies and another with the grim Baron, who detests a crowd even when it is patrician, and prefers seeing the race from his carriage to mounting the grand-stand. But the cynosure of all eyes is Adrien Leroy, the owner of the favorite. Handsome as ever, he looks this morning as indifferent as ever, and perhaps a trifle more weary. The King turns his head with a whinny that is all but a supplication. Alas! his master does not understand the equine language, and the note of warning is lost upon him.

"Beautiful as a daisy," says Mr. Jasper, passing his hand over the satin neck.

"Too thin in the legs," murmurs the Yorkshire man.

Adrien turned leisurely.

"Too thin, you think, my man? I'll lay twenty to one upon them."

"Done, sir," said the man sharply. "For pounds or hundreds?"

"Hundreds," said Adrien.

Mr. Jasper touched him on the arm, and whispered gravely:

"Rather hasty! Plenty of money upon him now, don't you think?"

Adrien smiled rather haughtily.

"Hundreds it shall be," he said, and turned.

The Yorkshireman touches his hat to Mr. Jasper as to a perfect stranger, and the two gentlemen pass to the weighing-seat.

"Where is Peacock?" asked Adrien.

"Oh, inside, peeling," said Mr. Jasper carelessly. "He's all right; I have just been speaking to him."

Adrien passed on and approached the first carriage, and leaned on its window-ledge to shake hands with the Marchioness of Calne and her sister, the latter a young lady with two special objects of regard—Lord Byron and the gentleman now pressing her small palm.

"And so your horse, that pretty creature with the long neck, is going to win?" said the Marchioness.

"We hope so," replied Adrien.

"Oh, Lady Constance said it would win for certain," replied Lady Alicia, blushing at her own temerity.

"Oh, nothing is certain save death and the three-per-cents.," said Adrien, turning the grave regard of his dark eyes upon her. "Racehorses are fickle as ladies, Lady Alicia; both are utterly untrustworthy. But I think you may bet on the King; he's in fine form. Are you going to the stand? Ah, here is Jasper!" as that gentleman sauntered up. "He's your beau-cavalier, I suppose, Constance."

And, as Jasper held his arm for the ladies, Adrien raised his hat and transferred his attentions to the Baron, whose carriage was about to take up position. The Baron raised his hat in response to his son's uncovering.

"Well, sir, why are they not started? Have these racing fellows ceased to be punctual as well as honest?"

"There rings the bell, my lord," said Adrien. "Can you see here?"

"Yes!" replied the Baron. "Is the horse fit?"

"Admirably," said Adrien. "It is a certain thing, I think. I must go and take my place. The Duke acts as umpire. There is likely to be a crush at the fence, sir; you will enjoy that."

The Baron uttered something in reply, half contemptuous of all things, earthly or heavenly, and Adrien made his way to the stand.

The Marquis, Pomfrey, Ireton, and the rest of the castle guests had arranged the ladies, who were glittering like doves in their seal and beaver furs, and eagerly learning which horse was which and to whom it belonged. Harsh cries from the betting-ring still ascended at intervals, though the majority of the crowd were still with anticipated excitement. Adrien made his way to the seat reserved for him beside Lady Constance, and leisurely unstrapped his field-glass. Then he handed it to her ladyship.

"Can you see with this?"

She tried it.

"Beautifully. What an excitement they seem to be in!" she said, looking down upon the seething crowd.

He smiled. Beyond a hope that his well-beloved horse would get fresh laurels for itself, the affair had no interest for him. To the amount he had risked he never gave a thought.

And now, amidst a sharp cry of excitement, they were off, Rosicrucian leading, Bluebell running close on to her, the King striding leisurely along, and a little compact posse pushing on its flanks.

"There goes the King!" exclaimed Lady Alicia. "Oh, I do hope it will win, don't you, Mr. Vermont?"

Mr. Jasper smiled.

"I do indeed," he said, and his little steely eyes rested upon the shriveled figure of Peacock the jockey with keen scrutiny. Meanwhile away they went, Rosicrucian still leading, Bluebell falling away, and the King creeping up easily to the second place. The first hurdle was hopped over featherly; the next, a tough piece of obstinate thorn, threw Bluebell back. The King cleared it in his stride, and threw a speck of white foam on the haunches of the Rosicrucian, still leading. Adrien nodded approvingly.

"That fellow knows how to ride," he said. "If he keeps the King like that, the race is ours."

"Oh yes," said Jasper; "he understands him. You will see how nicely he keeps him cool till the spurt comes."

"Which will be at the last hurdle," said the Marquis.

"Exactly," said Jasper pleasantly.

Hedge after hedge was cleared, and still the Rosicrucian was leading; but it was evident to all that the high blood of the King was burning to get away, and that its jockey was playing a waiting game.

Bluebell struggled on to the stream; but there, unencouraged by the way in which the two leaders had cleared it, she refused, and deposited her jockey for a cooler. A laugh rose in the midst of the excitement, but it was speedily drowned by frantic shouts of "Now he has it!" "He's let him go!" "The King wins!" "No, the Rosicrucian!" "No, the King!" "The King's got away!"

And so he had, for Peacock had deemed it expedient to put the spurt on already, and the noble King, with a toss of his veined nostrils, had darted ahead. Then they raced across the level flat, cheered and shrieked at by the crowd.

The aristocrats on the grand-stand felt their blood rise. Ladies raised themselves on their hands, and peered forward. Like lightning, the two noble creatures neared the last obstacle—a great, hulking, grim-faced hedge, like a mountain. Neck-and-neck they seemed to go at it, as if they meant to swallow it. But suddenly the King darted forward, and, amidst a terrific roar of astonishment, took the leap too short, fell sideways, and pitched his jockey like a bolster a dozen feet away. Rosicrucian rose for the leap, cleared it, and, seeing nothing behind, cantered in. A dense roar of surprise, dismay, rage, astonishment, and a mingling of satisfaction, and the crowd, breaking all bounds, pressed forward to the spot to which the starter and officials were already hastening. A murmur of astonishment and disappointment ran through the grand-stand, and all eyes were turned to Adrien. But he seemed the least concerned of all, as, shutting his field-glass, he said:

"Rosicrucian ran finely! I can't understand the King hurrying that last hurdle, Jasper, let us go and see if the fellow is hurt."

With Mr. Jasper at his heels, he strode down the stand and hurried across the course. The course hushed its chatter, and made way for the owner of the loser to pass through it. In its centre two men—the Duke and the starter—were kneeling over the little heap of leather and silk. The Duke looked up as Adrien approached, and shook his head. Adrien bent over the shriveled face feelingly.

"Has a doctor been sent for?" he asked.

"Yes," said the Duke gravely. "But I think he will be too late—his spine ——"

At that moment the heavy eyelids raised themselves, and the blood-stained lips trembled.

"He is speaking," said the Duke.

The starter knelt down.

"Where is he?" asked the jockey—"where is he? I want to see him."

"Whom?" asked the Duke—"whom do you want to see, my good fellow?"

"Perhaps it's me," said Mr. Jasper, coming forward with kindly sympathy. "I know him. Perhaps he wants to explain ——"

At the sound of his soft voice the jockey raised his head and glared at him; then his glance fell upon Adrien, and, with a sudden light upon his face, he stretched out his hand.

"Him! him! the swell! I want to tell him—the race—the horse—sold! Him—villain!—the horse!"

Gasping out these disjointed words, he glared first at Jasper, then at Adrien, struggling to convey some warning or explanation, but in vain. With the last words he fell back.

"He has fainted!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Allow me," said a gentleman—the doctor—pushing forward and dropping on his knees.

"Fainted? No; I am sorry to say he's dead."

"Dead! dear me!" said Mr. Jasper; and one might have fancied, but for the inhumanity and injustice of the idea, that there was a certain tone of satisfaction mingled with the extremely sympathetic ejaculation.

CHAPTER X.

The keenest pangs the wretched find
Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.—BYRON.

At night, when the great course is deserted and silent, when the noisy crowd has tramped back to London, and the crooked form of the dead jockey lies covered over with the white sheet in the stable-house, the silver drawing-room is full of light and beauty. The guests have dined, the gentlemen have followed the ladies, and music played by fair hands and trilled by fair throats is making digestion a luxury. Lady Alicia, watching her new friend behind the wings of her sister, thinks him handsomer than ever by the mellow candlelight, and whispers so to the Marchioness. There is a little gravity upon his white forehead.

"He is thinking of the poor jockey," suggests the girl.

The Marchioness smiles.

"Perhaps so. He is always gentle and compassionate, though men say otherwise," replies the Marchioness.

But if he be, he is the only one there so hampered. On Mr. Jasper Vermont's brow plays a sweeter smile than usual, and with the rest time swims by too pleasantly to allow of unpleasant reflections anent a dead steeple-chaser.

"One thing is certain," said the Marquis to Lady Constance, who had been sighing over the defeat. "He will not allow anyone to ride the King again but himself. I heard him say so."

Lady Constance smiled and sighed:

"Mr. Adrien has lost heavily?"

"Immensely, I should think. More than he knows, but certainly less than he cares. He thinks nothing of the stakes, so that he has the excitement. They are the mere makeweights, the necessary formula for the proper conduct of the game. Oh, yes; he must have lost heavily. Here is Mr. Vermont; he can tell us, I dare say."

Mr. Jasper Vermont smiled and shook his head.

"I am afraid to say how much," he said. "But Adrien has himself to thank. You have heard, I suppose? He gave the fellow a ten-pound note last night, with which, like such creatures, he got deplorably intoxicated. Consequences: an unsteady hand this morning, a hasty push at the last rise, and a clear loss of the race, not to mention the fabulous sum in bets. All Adrien's own fault! If he will be so recklessly generous, what is to be done?"

The Marquis raised his eyebrows.

"REAH."—"I tell you, vain boy, that Jasper Vermont bribed that miserable jockey to rope your horse, and that you have been swindled out of the thousands this last amusement cost you."

"Just like Adrien," he said, and moved off to repeat Mr. Jasper's story, which, of course, accounted for everything, and lent an extra interest to the event of the day.

Oh, yes; it was his own fault, no doubt. If he had kept the ten pounds in his pocket, the jockey would not have drunk himself incapable, and the race would have been the King's. To both causes and results the principal participator in the latter seemed as unconscious as the dead jockey himself. On his easy lounge he reclined, listening and talking with the old, reposeful smile, as if the race were a thing of a decade ago. To-night he would not sing—there were too many to applaud; but he rose twice to conduct Lady Constance to the instrument, and stayed by her side during the song to turn the leaves of her music. The lookers-on, the ladies in especial, whispered behind their fans that the match was settled, and sighed with envy of the beautiful Constance's bliss in perspective. But towards midnight the monarch of fashion seemed to have forgotten even his beautiful kinswoman; and when the fair faces and bright laughter had vanished from the room, and the men had sauntered up to the grand divan for a before-the-bed cigar and some Badminton, the weary look had settled like a cloud on his lips, and he lay with closed eyes, wrapped in the incense of his narghille, like a Sultan asleep. The Duke reclined near him. The remainder were disposed in every imaginable attitude on the broad, velvet lounges, Mr. Jasper among them, smoking an enormous regalia, and provoking a laugh with some delicate but sharp-pointed wit.

"Asleep, Adrien?" asked the Duke, laying his strong hand upon his bosom friend's shoulder.

"No," said Adrien; "wide awake and musing."

"What are you thinking of? Counting up the losses?" asked the Duke with a short laugh.

Adrien smiled.

"No; I leave that for Jasper, who is the multiplication-table with legs. I'm sorry you fellows were let in. I cannot understand it; but yet I suppose I should. My fault, says Jasper, and I bow to his decision; and yet I saw the man as he galloped past, and I saw no sign of anything wrong on his face."

"Nor I," put in Mr. Jasper. "I was in the weighing-tent and saw him scaled. All right then. He was always white and seedy-looking. I saw nothing wrong."

"Nor I," echoed the others.

Adrien puffed out a fresh cloud of perfumed smoke.

"The losses are heavy, I imagine, and yet I would rather they were doubled—aye, trebled—than that the poor fellow should lose his life from a horse of mine."

There was a quiet gravity in the deep-toned voice that spoke of a regret for which the light hearts around him would scarcely have given him credit.

"His own fault; it was suicide! He put the King to it too soon by half a minute," said the Marquis angrily. "The horse was not to blame; he would have taken the hedge, and another one on top of it, but for that unlucky spurt."

"I believe it," said Adrien, rising. "No one shall ride the King for the future but myself. Jasper, enter him for the Cup. We will give him a chance to retrieve this day's failure."

Mr. Jasper rose, and the two, amidst a volley of good-nights, passed into the corridor. As Adrien turned to ascend his private staircase he said quietly:

"Jasper, can I trouble you for yet another favor? That poor fellow—let him have a Christian burial in the chapel yonder; and if there are any relations find them out and —— There, you know better what I would do, and how to do it. *Bon nuit!*"

Mr. Jasper returned the kindly salutation, and trod softly down to his apartments.

"Christian burial!" he chuckled smoothly. "Oh, yes, he shall have Christian burial in the family-vault! Lucky for me the hound died when he did, or matters would have been awkward. Ah, well, it is the risks and chances of the little game that make it so enchanting. A grand coup to-day! Let me see," and, smiling at his smooth face in the glass, he closed one eye and touched the tingers of the right hand with his left. "Five—ten with Yorkshire Twining's last little touch—ten thousand pounds! Ah, if these gay jays knew how the 'intruder,' the 'interloper,' as they call Mr. Jasper Vermont behind his back, was deftly stripping them of their golden feathers, how they would wince! Ten thousand! But Twining was too risky. My grand knight might have smelt a rat. It was like him, 'twenty to one,' because some stranger doubts the strength of his horse's legs! Oh, he has a mighty regal way with him, my fine Prince—a mighty way with him, that 'tis well he can afford to pay for. Ten thousand pounds! Go on, Jasper; the game grows exciting; you hold the winning cards. Gentlemen, make your game; the ball is rolling."

With this invitation to mankind in general, and his noble and wealthy acquaintances in particular, Mr. Jasper commenced to disrobe. He kept no valet. Men of his character do not fancy one pair of eyes so constantly upon them. "The man who takes off your coat and parts your hair sees farther into your heart than anyone else," says a modern Rabelais, and Mr. Jasper Vermont agreed with him.

"I am a simple-minded, rough-and-ready creature," he often assured his friends, "and a man to tie my cravat and worry me into wearing an uncomfortable hat because he happened to want the comfortable one for himself would drive me mad."

So he undressed himself slowly, reckoning up his little gains, smiling at his mask of a face in the large mirror, and hitching his little plots with every knot he untied, every button he released, and at last got into bed and slept as softly and comfortably as an open-hearted farmer's wife. Not so Adrien, his friend and benefactor. Dismissing Norgate after he had removed the close-fitting evening-coat and replaced it with a dark-purple velvet dressing-robe, the heir of Barminster threw open the windows of his dressing-room and stepped out onto the terrace. It was a bright night, and the stars were glittering like the diamonds on the satin of an empress's bosom. The wealthy, much-envied Adrien leaned against the marble balustrade, and looked out upon the sight with a sigh. Before him stretched in seemingly endless vista the woods and meads of his inheritance. At his side outstretched wings of the gray old castle; above him rang out the heeled step of the watchman on the battlements; before, behind, around him on all sides immense wealth and power; and yet ——

Well, he sighed and mused thus:

"Grand old woods, sighing there with a thousand voices, what does the wind say to you, or what are you telling the wind? Are you mourning for the departed days and dead-and-gone masters?—days of glory and men of might. Are you bewailing the degenerate race that now own you, and pining for some greater hearts and manlier hands? Degenerate, indeed. Who, looking at the grim old lord, surly and sullen as a bear, would think him of the stock of whom kings learnt courtesy? And who—still worse—looking at me, the pampered Sybarite of a degenerate age, would guess that my ancestors made these same woods ring to the tune of their war-shouts and the clashing rhythm of their arms? Oh, degenerate days, indeed! Hollow mockery of nobility and glory, when the greatest feat is he who devises a new cravat or invents a fresh entree!

"I am very weary of it all. I am like the skeleton at the emperor's feast. 'Man delights me not, nor woman either.' Ah, there's the rub. Others find sweet consolation in the 'grande passion.' Soft lips console them for past and faded glories, sweet kisses lull their shame and manly remorse to slumber. Love, that marvelous panacea for man's heartache, soothes the galled vanity and jaded agony of other men, but flies from me as sleep fled from the blood-stained Richard. And wherefore? Fair women have smiled on me since my cradle-days. Soft lips in plenty were ready—nay, eager—to lull me to content. Many a score of dainty voices have raised their charm to find it powerless.

"And wherefore am I incapable of love? Is this heart of marble? Am I fated to pass through this weary round of days to the end without feeling the warmth of that great, tender mystery? Where shall I find a sweeter, lovelier face than my fair cousin's yonder? A light burns in her casement. She is still awake. Is it vanity or but the plain truth to remind myself that she is thinking of me, and thirsting for my love?

"Can I not see it in every turn of her head, in every glance of her dark, quiet eyes? Then, why cannot I give her love for love, take the first offering she would pour upon the altar, and mingle to the gods my sacrifice with hers? Why? why? Because my heart tells me that Constance's face, beautiful as it is, is not enshrined in the inner sanctuary of my soul. I know, as if it were clearly writ on yonder bright planet, that I do not love her—that I do not love one of the many fair forms that lay in my path, and that, until the divine flame springs hot and passionate in my breast, I shall be cold and weary still. O love! well may the poets who rave of thee call thee divine and mighty, if without thee life is but a tasteless draught, and pleasure thy dead-sea apples of dust and ashes."

His hand ell on the broad marble slab as he uttered the last words wearily, and at the sound of his voice, or startled by his light step on the mosaics, a casement further down the facade was flung open, and the figure of the Baron stepped out upon the terrace. Adrien was in no humor to meet his father, was too weary and dissatisfied with himself and all else to confront the old man's satire and ill-nature with his usual respectful calm; so he turned into the shadow of a buttress and waited. The Baron's quick eyes saw him, however, and, striding forward, he laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Well, sir?" he said. "Can't you sleep, or is this the new mode—to spend the small hours star-gazing?"

"I might retort in kind, my lord," replied Adrien, coming forward with a smile.

"I am old, sir, and have thoughts more wakeful than yours should be. I am old, and you are young.'

"Say sad as well, sir, and woefully tired, and that is worse, I think, than age."

"You have not tried the latter," retorted the Baron grimly, fixing his eagle-eyes upon his grand, reposeful face—"you have not tried the latter, sir. And so you find it sad; the moods of the present times are new and strange to me. At your age I was—well, if not happy, at least merry. You seem, sir, when away from other eyes, as if you had taken Care upon your shoulders and could not be rid of him. Perhaps you are thinking of the fortune that unlucky horse lost you this morning; or perhaps regretting that your friend had not broken his own neck, instead of his miserable tool's."

"My lord!" exclaimed Adrien, quietly but amazedly. "Of whom do you speak?"

"Of whom should I speak but that base-born cur who insulted me under my own roof-tree—that bosom friend of yours, Jasper Vermont? Are you blind, sir? are you deaf? Did you not see—were there none true enough to you to point out the significant glances that passed between the dying man and his tempter? Did you not hear the villain's accusation of the demon who had killed him? Deaf and blind as the man who harbored the viper, if you hear not its rattle and see not the venom in his eyes. I tell you, vain boy, that Jasper Vermont bribed that miserable jockey to rope your horse, and that you have been swindled out of the thousands this last amusement cost you!"

Adrien's eyes blazed.

"My lord," he said, and his voice, though low, was as hard and metallic as steel, "you wrong yourself in tempting me thus to wrong another. Jasper Vermont in league with a jockey! He is as incapable of such villainy as I should have thought you, my lord, of such an accusation. But forgive me—you have some proofs, doubtless. Give them to me, my lord, and if they are unanswerable I promise you to punish as severely as you yourself could wish."

The Baron's brows knitted.

"Proofs?" he repeated sternly, but with a troubled twist of the lip. "Do such villains work so clumsily as to leave proofs? No; I have no proofs but the common instincts of humanity. Your friend is a rogue; it is writ on his smiling, plebeian face, and it needed only the scene of this morning to confirm my suspicions. Believe me, sir ——"

"My lord, forgive me," said Adrien, drawing himself up to his full height and looking marvelously like the austere, stern face he fronted. "Forgive me; you have forgotten in the expression of your dislike that the man you speak of is indeed my friend. I should be unworthy of yourself if I stood meekly quiescent under such an accusation against him, for such a vile charge falls on us who clasp his hand. We share its indignity, and it becomes us to hurl it back upon the traducer. Prove to me that he is the scoundrel you would have me believe him, and I will render you such due satisfaction in his punishment that you shall be the first to cry 'Enough.' Otherwise, if you cannot give me anything more tangible than the mere accusation, you but bind me closer to him by the wrong you do him. Proofs, my lord, or ——"

"What?" said the Baron, and his face grew pale and twitched. "Nay, do not reply. I have no proofs. You have conquered; but, sir, mark me, you have conquered against your own good. From this time hence go you your own way, hand in hand with that man. Let these eyes see what they may, these lips shall utter no further warning. Go, sir, to the doom which awaits all those who place their trust in faithless curs. As for me, I will wait, and I prophecy that before the grave shuts out all things from these eyes they will rest on the agony of your betrayal.

"Enough of the viper. Now to fresh follies, Adrien, you are a man. I am nearing the tomb yonder in the old church. Barminster looks to its heir, and would not have a wassailer, empty of heart and weary of religion, but a man such as his fathers have been before him—a man with man's duties and man's cares, but with man's stake. Adrien, at your age your mother was at my side, ruling with me beneath this flag; at your age I had given the house its pledge of a son and heir; at your age I was wedded and had left the lighter loves of the world for a more lasting and responsible one.

"Strange stories reach me—wafted here by malicious tongues, no doubt—of your life yonder. You live the pace, they tell me, and call you monarch of the fashionable world. Barminster Castle, the house of refuge to the martyred Charles, looks for something higher as its lord and master than a reveler amongst the scum of the earth. I tell you, sir, at your age I was wedded."

"And loved?" said Adrien softly.

"Aye, loved!" exclaimed the old man. "Your mother, sir, had that something which is higher than beauty, though in these days they tell me you have made it the supreme deity. Your mother, sir, was that which ranks above rubies—a good and virtuous woman, worthy of a Leroy's love."

Adrien turned his pale, calm face suddenly, and raised his hand from the marble.

"Worthy of a Leroy's love!" he repeated. "Find me such a woman, good, virtuous, capable of firing the dead passion in my heart, and I will wed her, my lord. Until then ——"

"Find her for yourself, sir; and, if you need a guiding finger, I would point where others long since have marked—to Constance Tremaine."

Adrien's face darkened, and he turned with a sigh.

"She loves you, sir," said the old man, "and you would turn aside. Pearls are thrown in gutters nowadays to the men who neither know them for their worth nor stoop to pick them up. She loves you, sir."

"And I ——"

He stopped short and paced up and down, his eyes fixed on the mosaics.

"Will learn to love her in return," said the old man.

"Will!" said Adrien. "To command love is beyond human power. I cannot say 'I will,' my lord; but, if your heart is set upon it, shall I say 'I may?'"

The Baron caught his hand, then dropped it suddenly, as if ashamed of the emotion.

"Well said!" he exclaimed. "Act upon it but half as firmly, and I shall see the clouds lifting from your brow. Give up the weary round of tasteless pleasure, fling the cup aside, make Constance your wife, and give the house a son to rule after you. Then—well, praise comes ill from my lips, but at least you shall hear no words worse than 'Well done!'"

As he spoke he let his hand fall to his side, and, drawing his velvet robe about him, strode to his window. Adrien paused in his pacing and looked after him.

"Love Constance!" he murmured. "Would that I could say 'I will,' but at best I can but say 'I may.'"

He turned as he spoke, and with thoughtful brow passed into his own apartment. A moment after the casement above him opened, and a woman's face looked out. It was marvelously beautiful, but deadly pale. The dark eyes swept the terrace with a flashing glance; then rested upon the spot where Adrien Leroy had last stood. The firmly-pressed but deliciously-formed lips opened slightly with a sigh, then a crimson flush flooded the fair face, and there wafted out into the still night-air:

"Mine be the task, Adrien Leroy, to change that 'I may' to 'I must!' 'May' love me? I swear he shall!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

GINEVRA:
A LEGEND OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PARK LEONARD.

[Among the many legends of Florence there is none, perhaps, more thrillingly romantic than that of "Ginevra." Leigh Hunt, in his drama "A Legend of Florence," has seized upon some of the incidents of this remarkable story, but he has omitted much which is worth relating. Cora Mowatt-Ritchie has also left a brief recital of the story. It is believed, however, that "Ginevra" will prove fresh to the readers of THE CLIPPER.]

The two ancient families of Rondinelli and Almieri were bitterly hostile to each other. Despite this hostility, a son of the former, Antonio by name, became enamored of Ginevra, the daughter of Bernado Almieri. Like Romeo and Juliet, they cherished the hope that their love would eventually heal the breach between the two families. Antonio was young, brave and accomplished; Ginevra was surpassingly beautiful. They loved one another devotedly, and beyond this they trusted to the future.

With characteristic frankness, Antonio went to the house of Bernado, and made known his love for Ginevra.

"I would see her dead at my feet rather than have her the wife of a Rondinelli!" said Bernado.

This was his unalterable determination, and Antonio withdrew disheartened. Bernado placed a guard over his daughter, to prevent any further intercourse between the lovers. And fearing lest love might surmount all other obstacles, he finally compelled her to marry Agolanti, one of the richest and most miserly men in Florence.

From the hour of her nuptials, Ginevra became utterly dejected. Her supplications and struggles proving vain, she submitted, rather than consented, to the marriage. She detested Agolanti as intensely as she loved Antonio. While, therefore, her body was claimed by the man whom the law had made her husband, her heart was given to the son of the house of Rondinelli. She sank into a state of pitiable melancholy, which would have softened the hearts of all save her own cruel kindred. Mechanically she moved through the routine of her daily life. The flower of love was crushed in her soul, and no longer was there any beauty in the world.

A year after her unhappy marriage, Ginevra fell into a swoon, from which all efforts to arouse her proved ineffectual. The physicians pronounced her dead, and her body was accordingly borne to the family-vault of the Agolaunti.

On the night of her burial, her husband was awakened from his sleep by a pleading cry which seemed to come from the street without. Rising, he passed out onto the balcony of his chamber. There, in the ghostly light of the moon, robed in the habiliments of the grave, with her long hair streaming down her back and her arms uplifted, stood Ginevra.

"Agolanti!" she said in an imploring voice.

"It is the spirit of Ginevra!" exclaimed Agolanti, trembling with fear.

"No, no! not the spirit," said the white figure. "It is I—Ginevra—who still lives! I implore you to let me enter."

More frightened than ever, Agolanti rushed into his chamber, closing the window upon what he believed to be the spectre of his wife.

The next day he hastened to the house of Bernado, and there recounted what he had seen. Bernado's cheek grew pale as he listened, and when the recital was finished he said:

"The same spectre which appeared to you, Agolanti, came also to me. Last night I was awakened by a voice which sounded so much like that of my daughter that I went to the door, and there, upon the threshold, I saw the ghost of Ginevra as plainly as I see you now. She besought me to let her enter; and, when I promised that abundant masses should be said for the rest of her soul, she cried out that she was not dead, but living."

The news spread throughout the city that the apparition of the beautiful Ginevra had appeared to her husband and father, and this was followed by the startling announcement that a number of people had seen the grave-shrouded figure pass through the streets on the same night. Masses were said for the rest of her soul, and, as the ghost was never seen again, it was believed that Ginevra had at last found peace in the sleep which knows no waking.

One sunny October day, a year after the death of his wife, Agolanti was walking in the Boboli Gardens, when he saw Antonio in company with a lady. Drawing nearer, he beheld, to his amazement, that the lady bore a wonderful likeness to Ginevra. Antonio, recognizing his former rival, turned suddenly upon him, saying:

"Agolanti, permit me to introduce you to my wife, Ginevra. Possibly you will remember her face!"

Agolanti stood as one petrified. No longer was there any doubt concerning the identity of the lady. Fresher, fairer, more beautiful than of old, there she stood, no ghostly apparition, but blooming with life—there she stood, the lovely Ginevra who had died and been buried!

When astonishment had in some measure given place to anger, Agolanti swore that he would recover his wife. Aided in this undertaking by Bernado, he appealed to the courts of justice to induce them to restore to him his lawful wife. Then followed the trial, which unraveled the mystery of Ginevra's reappearance, and which roused all Florence to the highest pitch of excitement.

Ginevra was first placed on the witness-stand to testify in her own behalf. She told her story bravely and well. The deep swoon into which she had fallen had merged itself into a trance, but it was not death. She had recovered her consciousness at midnight, and found herself in the vault, surrounded by the skeleton-forms of the dead. At first, in her half-wakened condition, she fancied it a horrid dream; but the more terrible reality soon forced itself upon her. Then she had broken asunder the bandages which held her feet and hands, and with the strength which was born of fear had forced aside the stone at the entrance of the vault. Once in the open air, she had hurried through the streets of the city with the drapery of the grave floating around her. The few pedestrians on the street who caught sight of her white figure and ghastly face believed her to be a phantom, and fled affrighted.

At last she reached her husband's house, and there besought him to admit her. This Agolanti refused to do, and Ginevra next dragged herself to her father's door. Her entreaties for admission again proved fruitless, and she was left weak and exhausted upon the cold stone steps. When at last she struggled to her feet, all who saw her fled, terror-stricken. She had risen from the dead only to find the world itself dead to her.

Then it was that Ginevra bethought her of Antonio. His love, at least, would have compassion for her. So she bent her weary footsteps towards his house, and then made known her presence. As others had thought when beholding the shrouded figure, so also did Antonio think that it was a spirit—the spirit of his beloved. He did not turn aside in terror, but welcomed it in joy. And when he found that Ginevra indeed lived—that the grave had given up its dead—his ecstacy knew no bounds. Briefly she told him what had occurred. Antonio at once sent a faithful servant to replace the stone over the vault, and summoned his mother to take charge of Ginevra. All were bound by an oath to silence.

For many days Ginevra lay wavering between life and death; but at last she revived, and gradually gained in health and strength. When fully recovered, she told Antonio that, as she never could return to her brutal husband, she believed that the only honorable course open to her was to enter a convent. Antonio implored her to revoke this decision. He argued that the tie which bound her to Agolanti was dissolved by a death which, to the world at least, was real, and he entreated her to become the wife of one who had loved her always, and to whom she had been betrothed before her unnatural father had sold her to Agolanti. It is to be assumed that love gave eloquence to Antonio's tongue, and that Ginevra listened to his words the more eagerly since they echoed the promptings of her own heart. At all events, she yielded at last to his entreaties, and the two were secretly married.

All this Ginevra related before the tribunal; and so strongly did her case seize upon the sympathies of the populace that Agolanti was in constant dread of assassination. When the concluding day of the trial came, the court-room was crowded to suffocation. On one side of the judges' bench sat Ginevra, blushing and beautiful, with Antonio by her side; on the other was Agolanti, old and scowling, with Bernado crouching behind him. The advocate for Ginevra, when he arose to speak, was greeted with a round of applause. Taking his position within a few feet of Agolanti, he said:

"Your gracious reverences were never called upon to decide a more difficult case than this. It would seem by the laws of Florence that this fair lady must be returned to the wretch who calls himself her husband. But mark well what I am about to say. If there were no Agolanti living, there would be no difficulty in deciding this question. Then your gracious reverences would say at once that Ginevra is the lawful wife of Antonio. Some men are permitted to live for the simple purpose of showing to what depths of meanness human nature can be reduced. Such a man is Agolanti. Of what good is his life? Yet his death would be a blessing—a blessing to your gracious reverences, a blessing to this fair lady, a blessing to Antonio, a blessing to the city of Florence. Convinced of this, I am resolved to bring that blessing upon us all!"

With these words the advocate drew a dagger which he had carried concealed in his breast, and before anyone could stay his hand he had thrust it into the heart of Agolanti!

Whereupon a great shout of rejoicing went up in the court-room. The advocate was straightway placed under arrest, but the people cheered him until they were hoarse. Over the dead body of Agolanti, the tribunal declared that Ginevra was the lawful wife of Antonio Rondinelli. And will anyone think the less of the laws of Florence when it is recorded that the advocate was never brought to trial?

CRAZED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

Hush, hush! You need not fear for me;
For, see! I do not even weep or sigh.
He soon will wake. I would not be
The one to harm him with a cry.

He slumbers long, my pretty one,
And very white his little face has grown.
You call him dead, yet I weep not,
My heart seems colder than a stone.

Still well I love him. Who would not?
Dear little one, so fair to see!
When made a widow, I did grieve—
'Twas he alone could comfort me.

And so for him I prayed to live;
Should he be taken, my heart would break
Even at the thought my brain turns wild,
But I will calm it for his sake.

Now let him rest—I'll wait and watch;
Thank God, his pain at last has fled!
Nay, you shall not take him from my arms—
He only sleeps, he is not dead!

THE HAUNTED HAND:
The Family Doctor's Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

The kind old doctor was sitting in his study between his microscope, his stethoscope and other instruments, and his books, when his servant showed in a young lady whom he received with a fatherly smile. But his smile was frozen on his lips by the closer view, as he put on his spectacles, of the young visitor's face. Gracie Fawn was so pale that, but for the burning of her feverish eyes, she might have been taken for a lifeless thing. She held her right hand in the pocket of her fur-l

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

M. L. H.—By the new rules of 1877, a fielder fielding a ball to touch a base-runner off a base must plainly hold the ball—in the opinion of the umpire—before touching the runner. If this is done, then the mere act of dropping it while touching the runner does not nullify the play. But if it is not done—that is, if the umpire does not see—that the ball is plainly held before the runner is touched, then the act of his dropping it, or its being dropped while touching the player, is regarded as evidence that the ball was not held. All the books of baseball contain the League rules—the only rules which govern either amateur or professional playing this season. "De Witt's Guide" differs from the others in having an explanatory appendix to each rule.

FAIR SCORE, Indianapolis.—There should have been two out when Warner made his base-hit. But for a passed ball he would have been at first base when Cuthbert made a base-hit. Thus there would have been men on first and second when Moseley made a base-hit. Rocap then went out on a fly-ball, which would have ended the inning, leaving three men on bases. If Moseley's hit was sufficient to have insured Warner's going home safe from second, then one run was earned; if not, none were earned. The character of the single base-hits made, of course, changes the position, as a base-hit may only give the striker one base, while it may enable the runner on first to go to third, or the man on second to go home.

MANY READERS, Toronto.—"Ball pitched to striker, who struck a foul which struck the catcher on the head, rebounding from catcher's head in front of home-plate, where it was caught on first bound by the pitcher. Umpire called foul when the ball was struck, but decided not out. Is the foul ball fairly referred to. Your friend is wrong.

EAST END, Hamilton.—"A ball was hit down to fair ground, and it rolled towards first base, touching fair ground each time it bounded along; but just before reaching first base it struck a rough piece of ground, which caused it to rebound to fair ground. As it rebounded it was caught by the first-baseman—before it touched foul ground at all—and by him was held on first base before the striker reached the base. Was it out, as decided by the umpire, or not?"..... It was out, as it was fielded by a fielder before touching foul ground. No protest will hold good on an appeal based on this point.

DR. J. G., San Francisco.—S. Fox, Assistant Adjutant general, Hartford, writes: "The Ninth Connecticut Regiment went out from Boston to Ship Island in the steamship Constitution, but did not come home in it. I think that possibly Garry T. Scott, late captain in that regiment, could give more information. Gershom B. Hubbell of Wm. T. Co., Hartford, Conn., will, I presume, volunteers to endeavor to interview Capt. Scott, and will forward results, if any.

G. A. R., Philadelphia.—The names of the engineer and fireman who ran the train from Jersey City to Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 13, 1856, when John Brougham performed in New York and Philadelphia on the same night, were not given to the public. They received the regular rate of wages from the railroad company. The running time was as follows: Left Jersey City at 7.52 o'clock P. M., and arrived in Kensington depot, Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock precisely.

HILLIARD, Indianapolis.—The League Alliance is an association to the extent that the clubs belonging to it agree to abide by a certain code of rules governing their intercourse, which were drawn up by the League Association with a view to obviate the necessity of organizing the International Association—an association which would include professional clubs precluded from membership of the League Association.

ANSWER, Ripley.—"When a ball strikes fair ground between home base and first base, and in front of foul line inside of the diamond, and then rebounds so as to touch foul ground before passing in front of first base, and before touched by a fielder, is it a fair or a foul ball, according to League rules of 1877? Are we to be governed by the rule or the exception to the rule of 1877?"..... It is a foul ball, and the exception rules.

R. ANTHONY.—You have got things mixed. The year the Cincinnatis defeated the Mutuals by 4 to 2—1869—they defeated the Atlantics by 30 to 18 on the 30th of June, not the first time by four runs, as they visited Brooklyn in 1868. From the opening of 1869 to June, 1870, the Cincinnatis did not lose a game, their first defeat—since 1868—occurring in the Fifth game, June 15th, 1870, by the 8 to 7 eleven-innings game with the Atlantics.

F. H., Norwich.—If a ball hit direct from the bat to the ground—and should bound rise in the air and touch—first touches foul ground, and then rolls on fair ground, it is a fair ball. If it be similarly hit, and passes in front of first or third base, it is fair, no matter where it rolls to foul ground after passing in front of the first or third bases, or not.

ATLANTIC, London.—"Striker knocks a ball along the ground to first base, and when within about a foot of him it bounds to foul grounds, but first-baseman reaches out and catches it before it touches the ground, with one foot on base. The ball rose about three feet on foul ground when he caught it. Was it a fair or a foul ball?"..... It was a fair ball.

MCGUINNESS, Auburn.—"A batter knocks a ball, we will say, to short-stop, and starts for first base. He reaches first, overruns it, and turns to come back, when he sees that the ball has been thrown wild. He then, without returning to touch first, goes on to second to find it. Is he so to do, or should he return to first before taking second?"..... It is optional with him to return or not.

F. M., Jersey City.—Take Barbadoes Aloe, 2 drachms; powdered squills, 4 drachms; extract of belladonna, 4 scruples; liquorice powder sufficient to make into a mass. Divide into 30 pills, and give four daily. If this does not prove effectual, take Jalap, powdered, 2 grains; Dover's powder, 12 grains; balsam of Peru sufficient to make into one pill, which give as before.

OWNER, Meshoppen.—1. Long Island Black Hawk was foaled on Centreville, Course, Long Island, 1837, and was by Andrew Jackson (a son of Young Bashaw) out of Sallie Miller. He was the best horse that ever trotted in this State, a wagon and driver of 300lb weight. 2. Those of the National Trotting Association.

S. K.—In 1874 the University boat race at the College Regatta was won by Columbia, Princeton taking the Freshmen race. In 1875 Cornell won both the University and Freshmen races, and in 1876 her representatives won all three races—Freshmen and University.

CUFF.—"A runner is on first base, the batsman strikes a ball, the first baseman gets it on the bound, he then touches the runner on first base, then gets on the base ball in hand. Are both men out, or only one?"....Both out.

CENTRE FIELDER, Galena.—"1. A man on third base, and two men out. The striker knocks the ball to short-stop, and is thrown out at first. The man on third comes home. Does the latter count? 2. Can you put a runner out on a foul fly ball?"..... 1. No. 2. Yes.

S., Big Rapids.—Your best plan would be to endeavor to get an engagement to play general utility in some Western city, or with some traveling company. Give the matter a fair trial, and, if you are likely to achieve success, stick to the profession; if not, abandon it forever.

C. W. B., Greenburg.—According to your statement of the nature of the bet, C could not smoke until the three months were finally, there no bet in such a case. C was the first to smoke forfeiting a certain amount and leaving the other free to do as he pleases.

CONSTANT READER.—1. See our advertising columns. 2. Ask your teacher. 3. It depends altogether upon your aptness for learning. 4. From $20 per week upward. 5. Any amount that may be offered until you make some reputation.

GULF CITY, Mobile.—"Striker tips a sharp foul, and is caught out by catcher on fly, who throws ball wild, and man on third comes home. Did the ball have to go to pitcher before runner could leave his base?"..... No.

THERAX, Albany.—Charles E. Courtney won the scullers' prize at the Centennial amateur regatta in Philadelphia last year, defeating J. McCartney of the Friendship Club of this city in the final heat.

OUR JIM JR.—1. We have not heard anything of the club to which you refer this year. 2. We did; it was in the darkness putting an end to play. 3. John Morrissey defeated John C. Heenan at Long Point, Canada, Oct. 20, 1858.

PITCHER, Sweet Falls.—"The pitcher pitches a ball, and it strikes the batter. Is it called one ball, or is it one of the three unfair balls?"..... It is one of the unfair balls, which count in calling balls.

H. H., Troy.—Nothing considering that you have not a thorough knowledge of the English language, that you are too old to commence the dramatic profession. 2. Utility members are from $12 to $20 per week.

H. E., Pittsburg.—No answers by mail. Montpelier's Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., closed some three months ago. It immediately opened the Academy of Music in that city.

T. MCM., Cadiz.—Goldsmith Maid's best time on a full track prior to 1867 appears to be 2:17¼, on Terre Haute fairleaf five times, at Wawasink, Newburg, and Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

R. L. H.—Miss Annie Lonsdale was, we believe, the first representative of Nan in "The Good-for-nothing" in this city. She is living here in retirement, being in private life Mrs. John Darcey.

B. P., Gladesboro.—"If a ball is struck, and flies up in the air, and, falling, falls on fair ground and then rebounds to foul ground, should it be considered fair or foul?"..... It is a fair ball.

J. L. AND C. S., Brooklyn.—Jim Mace and Joe Coburn met twice in the ring as opponents, but on the first occasion blows were not exchanged.

PUCK, Middletown.—1. You can purchase one from Ed. James, whose address is given in advertisement. 2. There is a gymnasium in Cincinnati, O.

CONSTANT READER, Columbia.—A loses. The greatest distance that a baseball has been thrown is 133yds. 1ft. 7½in., by John Hatfield, in Brooklyn, L. I., Oct. 15, 1872.

F. E. HESLER, Minneapolis.—We have a correspondent there, who keeps us well posted on sports, especially in the baseball line.

G. H. I., Scranton.—They do cause it to make a horizontal curve. How it is done we cannot say, but it unquestionably makes a double curve.

D. C. S., Helena.—Joseph C. Cloud is the man to whom you allude. He did not reach New Orleans, but died at Iberville Parish, La., Oct. 14, 1873.

BOSS, Pittsburg.—McBride has retired. Zettlein has gone home to "Faderland." Fisher is now in the Chicago Club, and Barnes is sick with intermittent fever.

CONSTANT READER.—The wild throw of the catcher to second base is one error, and the failure of centre fielder to stop the ball—it within his fair reach—is another.

J. B., Charleston.—1. 1:39¾, by Ten Broeck, is the fastest mile ever made, running; and 2:14, by Goldsmith Maid, is the fastest trotted mile.

J. A. C., Troy.—1. We have no space to devote to a review of Longfellow's career. 2. He was running against Harry Bassett when he hurt himself.

B. DE H., Baltimore.—1. The elder of the tieing players counts for game. 2. If the elder hand is not among the tiers, he counts nothing.

MARYLAND, Baltimore.—We do not know the horse in question. There is not one of that name now trotting on turf.

A. N., Wheeling.—No answers by mail. You will find the addresses of several agencies in our advertising department.

CONSTANT READER.—State the case as it actually occurred. We cannot tell why "A threw up the game," and of course cannot say whether cards should now count.

DECLINED—"Struggling Genius," "Jake's First Act of Humanity," "A Ghostly Intruder," "An Actor's Dream," "To Mary."

CONSTANT READER, Harlem.—Three fives and the jack of clubs in hand, with the five of clubs turned up, count 29 for the holder.

P. J. K., Fort Larned.—A player cannot draw cards without having first made a bet. He must chip before he has a right to draw. If this is what is meant, B loses.

J. K., Williamsburg.—We presume they are the same persons; but, as we were not in your city to see them, we cannot state positively.

P. H. S., Washington.—The City of Boston, when lost, was en route from Halifax to Liverpool, having originally left this port.

C. C. NOBLE, Goshen.—The fastest 100yds. time is 9¼secs., by George Seward.

F. STANDARD.—The regular course of the Niantic Boat Club is on Flushing Bay.

GEORGE N.—Call upon Warwick Edwards, No. 55 West Thirtieth street, near Sixth avenue.

UNO, St. Paul.—If we had the full record of the St. Paul Club, we might be able to tell; but we have not.

W. F. V.—1. Yes; if he attempts to run on a foul fly before touching the base after the catch is made. 2. Yes.

H. F. S., Poughkeepsie.—The New Haven club of 1876 was not in the League.

H. F. E. F.—Thanks for your information. Send on the scores.

CONSTANT READER, San Francisco.—We know nothing about the lottery.

F. W., Ambor.—A note addressed to Wilbur F. Story, Chicago, will doubtless elicit the information long sought.

F. O. H., New Haven.—Rice Stephens, Detroit, Mich., is the publisher.

J. H., Jefferson.—We have no knowledge of any such troupe.

E. H., Syracuse.—The score being 2 to 0, A wins. "Two to one" means that or better.

SCYLLER, Troy.—A does not win, unless pools were sold on the stipulation that the race should be "play or pay."

C. W., Franklin.—The stakeholder should pay you the money.

F. J. W., Fort Madison.—The dealer cannot play alone after "his partner has ordered him up."

CRIBBAGE, Jerseyville.—There are none published, so far as we know.

BUNKER HILL, Charleston.—It gives the game to his opponent.

H. E., Shelter Island.—Queen Victoria was born May 4, 1819.

J. T., Hamilton.—The late Charles Kean married Miss Ellen Tree in Dublin, Ireland, Jan. 29, 1842.

J. S. P., Louisville.—We keep no record of the height and weight of actors.

J. N. S., Covington.—He was in England a short time ago. No answers by mail.

W. H. M., Boston.—Howes' London Circus exhibited in Providence, R. I., May 25, 26, last.

L. M. H., Norfolk.—She was last week at the Tivoli Theatre, in this city.

F. H., Memphis.—It is somewhat out of date for "ulsters."

G. M., Boston.—We have received no intelligence of Harry Carlo.

CONSTANT READER, Baltimore.—Apply to Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court street, Boston, Mass.

E. J. S., Marysville.—We never heard of either of the parties named.

A SCHOOLBOY, Niles.—It is a race in which certain horses have to carry more weight than others.

WRIGHT UP.—At the American game, ties with the umpire are a stand-off.

PEQUOT.—It could not be a financial success in the general sense of that term.

H. J. E., Brooklyn.—They are not traveling at present, and are living near Rahway, N. J.

BILLY, Buffalo.—1. Judge Fullerton, 2:18. 2. Tanner Boy, 2:21¾. 3. May Bird, 2:22¾. 4. Lady Turpin, 2:23.

H. K.—How should we know the wealth of all the so-called rich men in all of our leading cities?

G. W. T., Chester.—Package reached us July 16. Thank you. Will probably be commenced in our next.

J. C., Elgin.—1. 1:39¾, by Ten Broeck, at Louisville, Ky. 2. The ground being in better condition. 3. Yes.

J. D. B., Waynesburg.—A flush beats three of a kind when flushes are played.

L. R. F.—Address the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., this city.

WM. F., San Francisco.—The Great Republic was burned at the foot of Dover street, this city.

H. H. T., Poughkeepsie.—1. The next wide ball makes three balls, the strikes on fouls not interfering. 2. Not out.

M. Q.—The Dwyer Brothers never owned Vera Cruz. He belongs to James T. Williams of Lexington, Ky.

J. R. T., Nashville.—See answer to "Keno" in this issue.

C. A. H., Brooklyn.—He cannot now add the 8 and the 2.

M. O'B., Columbus.—Thanks; but we do not require it.

W. M. N., Boston.—*The Boston Globe* notices their games.

J. W. D., Marlboro.—Great Eastern is eight years old.

A. D. M., Malone.—See circus summary of this issue.

M. J. P., Poughkeepsie.—Goldsmith Maid, at Buffalo.

LOVE HAVEN, Philadelphia.—It counts him two only.

S. H. A., Troutman Farm.—B wins, under our rule.

J. O. S., Cincinnati.—High, low, jack, game, pedro.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, Ashland.—None to be had.

W. F. G., Lowell.—32 runs, in Buffalo, in 1867.

KENO, Nashville.—We are already supplied.

SEVEN-UP, Brooklyn.—A is out on his high.

T. S. GUISE.—It is addressed as advertised.

G. M.—We do not know; but believe not.

C. F., Kirkwood.—See "S. B., Kirkwood."

E. M. WYKOFF.—All of 1876 out of print.

J. G.—In 1857, and (we think) on Sept. 12.

READER, Brooklyn.—A takes the trick.

J. H.—30 times. $12 for each insertion.

JOE, Waterbury.—The bet is void.

D. W. W., Hillsboro.—Cannot say.

F. N., Savannah.—Two to one.

NO SIGNATURE, Lowell.—A loses.

M. R. B.—She is the same person.

J. F. TOURJEE.—Out of print.

S. B., Kirkwood.—Sancho.

MODERN NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Negro-minstrel performances, it is said, are less popular to-day than they were a dozen years ago. Are we to infer from this that the disciples of the venerable Jim Crow are destined eventually to be exterminated altogether, that the melodious strains of the plantation ditties will be heard no more, and that the resonant banjo will henceforth be permitted to remain pendant on the wall? We hope not. There is too rich a vein of humor in the negro character to be left unworked, and there are too many excellent representatives of that character now on the stage to forsake a field which has yielded such abundant harvests.

No other form of entertainment ever met with such widespread and remarkable success as did negro minstrelsy in its early days. It struck a popular chord from the very outset. It was a richer bonanza than had ever dazzled the vision of the most sanguine showman. It tickled the public fancy and inaugurated a new era of humor. Its quaint melody opened up a class of music before unknown. Its popularity spread over the length and breadth of the land, crossed the ocean, and seized upon the English-speaking people of Europe. By that rare method of reasoning peculiar to Pharisees of all ages, it was held that, while a dramatic performance was to be shunned as a thing of evil, a minstrel performance could be witnessed by the elect without danger of contamination. And, availing themselves of this privilege, churchmen and clergymen and all others within the fold attended the burnt-cork entertainments, and laughed themselves sore over the eccentricities of the performers. All this in the early days of minstrelsy, and years before it had attained its present form of representation. Then the burnt-cork comedian was content to impersonate the plantation darky, and confined himself almost exclusively to singing and dancing. Indeed, those were the chief and distinctive features of a minstrel performance. The "first-part" was incomparably the best part of the show. It was during this period that the widely-popular melodies of Stephen Collins Foster, of whose life THE CLIPPER recently gave a very full and interesting account, were given to the world. They took an immediate and lasting hold upon the public affection. "Uncle Ned," "O Susanna!" and "Old Folks at Home" were sung by every minstrel company in the country, and their melodious strains have echoed down through the years. They did, perhaps, as much as any one thing to make burnt-cork entertainments popular. In those days there was comparatively little variety in the numerous minstrel programmes. The style of performance itself was so novel and fresh that there was little need of grasping after new features. One banjo-player responded to an encore of "Uncle Ned" with "O Susanna!" and another, an encore of "O Susanna!" with "Uncle Ned." And thus both won rounds of applause, and the audiences were more than satisfied.

But there came a change in negro minstrelsy, as there comes a change in all things. Gradually the charm of what had at first been a grotesque and captivating entertainment began to wear away. The public thirsted for fresh novelties. So the minstrel companies, by slow degrees, underwent a wonderful metamorphosis. The simple melodies with the odor of the South about them gave place to dirges over the untimely death of sweet Nellie, and sweet Mamie, and sweet Katie. In lieu of "Uncle Ned" we got ditties of the day, flavored with local "hits" to compensate for their nonsense. The plantation "breakdowns" and lively jig were superseded by an entirely new style of dancing, which has finally developed into a gymnastic performance, or something very closely resembling it. Then crept into the programme acts and sketches which needed all the burnt cork available to give them an Ethiopian coloring. In short, the plantation was extracted from the performance altogether.

Now, we are not disposed to agree with those who declare that, in the course of this metamorphosis, all the best features of negro-minstrelsy have been lost. In the days of the Christys, the entertainment given upon the minstrel-stage was funny and fresh; but the same performance now would have a flavor of antiquity about it that would probably prove unpalatable to the public taste. There were good comedians who blackened their faces then, but they were no better than those of to-day. It may, and may not be, a matter of regret that the plantation element has been pretty nearly eliminated from the modern minstrel-show. Now that slave-life itself is no longer to be found in this country, perhaps it is not necessary longer to reproduce that life upon the stage. At all events, we do not believe that a form of entertainment which has enjoyed such popularity in the past, and which is capable of affording so much genial and genuine amusement, is destined to die out. In the growing favor of the variety show, minstrelsy proper has been crowded to the wall. Nevertheless, burnt-cork still holds a place in the public heart, and will continue to do so, if we mistake not, for many years to come.

While, therefore, it is to be admitted that minstrel-shows are less popular now than they were a dozen or twenty years ago, it is not to be inferred that their halcyon days are forever gone. Another change in the varying breeze of public opinion may waft them back to their old-time favor. Let the jolly "end-man" and the deep-voiced interlocutor and the nimble-jointed "musical moke" be of good cheer, for their occupation is not gone. So long as men care to laugh, and wholesome humor sweetens life, so long will the minstrel performer find favor in the eyes of the public. May the time be far distant when the power of burnt cork shall be extinguished!

"IT WILL never do to give it up so," Messrs. Courtney and Riley. The country expects every man to do his duty, and these two aquatic antagonists must have a friendly trial, or sink forever in public estimation. New York is looking at you, the nation is looking at you, and we are looking at you. So heave along!

HOW NICELY nature regulates things and supplies our wants in order. First we had the strawberry; then followed the raspberry; as soon as we had supped our fill of these, came blackberry. And, now that the latter is coming to an end, we are favored with the peachberry.

Now that a number of bathers have been drowned at the seaside-resorts, we would respectfully suggest that the life-saving surf-boats be launched upon their native element.

GROUND HOGS—Sausages.

THE GREAT RAILROAD STRIKE.

Beginning on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the strike of the railroad trainmen against a further reduction of wages has, as we write, communicated its dire effects to the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Road, the Western Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the Western Division of the Erie Railway, and the N. Y. Central Railroad, and even to far-off St. Louis. The trouble quickly ceased to be a strike, with railroad managers arrayed on one side and railroad employes on the other, and became an insurrection on the part of the laboring classes generally, who naturally sympathized with the trainmen, but expressed that sympathy in a way best calculated to injure the course of the strikers. The sickening consequences may be found detailed in our summary of the news of the week. Bloodshed, fire and pillage have followed. The law has been trampled under foot, and its representatives have been slaughtered. In Baltimore, where occurred the first serious conflict between the military and the mob, latest estimates place the number of killed at nine, and of the wounded at forty-one. In Pittsburg, where the attempt of Philadelphia militia to perform but their sworn duty aroused the ire of the populace, the reports now are that fifty-four persons were killed on Saturday and Sunday last, and one hundred and nine wounded. A total of two hundred and thirteen victims, so far as is known, with the presumption that, as is the case with most riots of magnitude, there are many additional victims whose exact fate is known only to relatives or friends. This is a fearful showing for so short a time, and the end appears to be not yet. But it cannot be far off. And there can be but one end, which is already presaged, as in the terrible Draft Riots of 1863 in this city, by the formation of bands of vigilants, or committees of public safety. The Law must be upheld at all hazards. It has already suffered too much and too long. Not a man, woman or child that has defied it but will be all the poorer because of the wanton destruction of property in Baltimore, Pittsburg, and elsewhere. Those who destroyed that property will, either directly or indirectly, be made to bear a share of the heavy financial burden of replacing it. The railroad corporations may suffer by the delay, but so must all other kinds of business. Any sympathy the general public may have entertained for the railroad laborers in their demand for living wages at the hands of railroad magnates, who sought to make starvation the price of declared dividends, will be apt to quickly disappear when that public has to meet personal grievances in the way of hindrance to travel or a paralysis of trade, or when it finds its own property disappearing in the wreck that was designed only for railroad depots, locomotives, etc. The scenes of the past few days will not bear repetition. Order must be restored at any cost. It is to be hoped, above almost all things else just now, that reason may rise superior to blind passion, and that the President's proclamation as to the dispersal of the various mobs be observed at once, without the further intervention of the military arm.

"ANOTHER BRUTAL FIST-FIGHT" took place in front of *The Herald* office on the afternoon of Friday, July 20, in presence of a large concourse of spectators. "The brutal affair" was short, *Sharpe* and decisive, the victor delivering the *coup de Grace* with his right, which landed with telling effect on the adversary's "dexter peeper," gaining *first blood, first knock-down* and the fight, which was one of the shortest on record. The "parties to this disgraceful affair" were Surveyor Sharpe and W. H. Grace, a former official in the Custom-house. The police were promptly on hand, and took the pugilists to the Tombs. "When shall we see the end of these outrages?"

STRIKE ON THE THIRD-AVENUE RAILROAD.—President Samuel L. Phillips of this road was struck on the head July 19 by a stone, alleged to have been thrown by an employe named William Riley, who had been refused a free pass on the road. The assailant jumped on a passing car and escaped. Subsequently Detective King interviewed him at his residence, singing:

"Come, rise up, William Ri-l-ley,
And go along with me."

"THEY SAY" that the Chicago team is to be put in the Mills and ground over. We cannot vouch for the correctness of this report, and the Chicago papers are silent upon the subject. And now the question as to which city has the largest population, Chicago or St. Louis, must give place to the more important discussion as to which possesses the best baseball team!

TWEED is getting things in a muddle, and we shouldn't wonder if Big Six put some of the lawyers in a hole before he got through with them. Some of "the implicated parties," who found no difficulty in getting to the land's end a few years ago, have now a hard road to travel in trying to reach the Townsend!

WE HAVE been given to understand that "Collector Simmons of Boston has under him five brothers-in-law, one brother, one nephew, and one cousin." What have they done that he should be so down on them? "Our Jim" is anxious to know.

SEE HERE, NOW—suppose a respectable citizen were to eradicate a tramp, could we look upon the act as anything more than purely vegetable, a rutabaga? [Explanatory, by request: *Root a beggar.*]

A READY-RECKONER estimates that it costs about seven dollars to send a ton of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool. It would be cheaper to send it to New York, instead of to Liverpool.

JUST BECAUSE one hotel in Saratoga declined to receive Mr. Seligman as a guest, and advised him to move on, that is no reason why he should be called "The Wandering Jew."

IT NOW appears that, by balkin' the Turks in their intentions, the Russians got over the Balkan range and the Turkish range at the same time. This can be relied on.

NO MATTER how hard the times may be, they are never so hard as to interfere with the mania for striking. In fact, the worse the times, the more the strikes.

SHOULD any man become mad during these dog-days, and unconsciously bite his fellow-man, give him the death of the dog by shooting him on the spot.

"AN ODORLESS TANK" exploded in Philadelphia one day last week, and, curiously enough, it was immediately changed into an "odorous tank."

IT WAS NOT Vice-president Wheeler who was interested in army contracts in 1861, but another man of that name who reigned a 'fore Wheeler!

WHILE METROPOLITANS have been quenching their thirst with lemonade, the people in Montreal have been clamoring for Orange aid!

THE GROVER investigating committee adjourned July 20 *sine die*. It is not yet known whether or not it is a *sign o' die* for Grover.

THOSE PARTIES who boast of "being on the ground floor" are glad enough to get on the roof when a freshet strikes the domicile!

"WHO DOSED COURTNEY?" is likely to be as puzzling a conundrum as that of "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

THERE BEING no law against striking railroad employes, a number of them got struck on July 20.

IT MUST NOT BE supposed that all men who come from Orange County are Orangemen.

IT IS DELIGHTFUL to know that Saratoga Springs mineral water is made fresh every day!

THE EMPLOYEES in our post-office are to be uniformed. In a *coat of mail*, we presume.

THE MILKMAN'S favorite watering-place is the city hydrant.

A MILITARY OFFICIAL—*The Court Marshall.*

BILLIARDS.

OBITUARY.—The profession will regretfully learn of the death of the wife of George F. Slosson at half-past eleven o'clock on the night of July 14, at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Catherine Kist, 348 Orange street, Newark, N. J. She will also be kindly remembered by others than professionals as having been present at the matches and tournaments in which her husband was a participant. Her maiden name was Josie Demarest; she was born on Jan. 28, 1857, and was married in Chicago on Sept. 9, 1874, while Slosson was residing in that city. Last Fall, while in St. Louis, she became ill of chills-and-fever, which, debilitating her system, invited a serious pulmonary complaint. She accompanied her husband on his professional trip to New Orleans, but the change of scene was of no permanent benefit. They returned to Newark in April, and from then on her case has been clearly one of consumption. The funeral services were impressive, alike at the house and in Woodland Cemetery, and among the mourners were many from this city. The remains were shrouded in a dress of silk trimmed with lace, and were encased in an elegant casket..... Grace, infant daughter of George E. and Maria L. Phelan, died in this city on July 21. This is the second child Mr. Phelan has lost within the past four years.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On July 16: The firemen and brakemen of the freight trains on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Baltimore, Md., and Martinsburg, Va., struck on account of reduction of wages..... Charles H. Connell and Percy Heyward were killed by lightning at Barretto's Point, L. I..... George Weaver was shot dead by John Smith near Michigantown, Ind..... The funeral of Hackett at Montreal, Canada, was not attended with any disturbance.... During a negro riot at Guthrie, Ky., Townmarshal N. Johnson and Deputy-marshal J. E. Wilson were wounded, and a negro named Mark Johnson was instantly killed..... It was reported that Jerry Dennis shot and dangerously wounded his brother Newton at Danville, Ill., on the 14th..... Robert Thompson, a sailor, was drowned at this port..... Peter Carlen, residing here, leaped from a fifth-story window and was instantly killed..... Fires: the depot of the California and Oregon Railroad, at Marysville, Cal.—loss $50,000: Browning, Capron & Co.'s planing and grist mill at Apponaug, R. I.—loss $10,000, insured for $7,000.

*** July 17: In the Cabinet it was decided that the President's Civil Service order is to be carried out without exception..... The railroad strikers at Martinsburg, Va., attacked and fired on a train. The troops returned the fire, killing one of the rioters and wounding several..... The accidental discharge of a revolver caused the death of Col. Julian Harrison at Richmond, Va..... A severe thunderstorm broke over this city and vicinity, doing considerable damage to property. At Clarenceville, L. I., Mrs. James Light was killed by a lightning-stroke and her husband seriously injured..... Mrs. Wm. Ryan met her death in like manner at Black Rock, near Bridgeport, Ct. ..... Kate Kelly, a waitress, was reported to have committed suicide by drowning at Coney Island. ..... Fires: A. Hartupee's foundry and machine-shops, at Pittsburg, Pa.—loss $300,000, insured for $75,000; George Campbell's sawmill at Pinconning, Mich.—loss $50,000, insured for $25,000; John Ware's tannery, at Athens, Me.—loss $30,000, insured..... L. Blumgart & Co., woolen importers of this city, failed; liabilities $400,000..... Hugh Flynn was crushed to death in machinery at Brooklyn, L. I..... Cable news: The Nickopolis garrison, consisting of two Pashas and six thousand regulars, surrendered to the Russians. A ministerial crisis was impending in Constantinople, the Sultan being inclined to make peace, but the young Turks opposing this policy.

*** July 18: At the request of Gov. Mathews, President Hayes ordered Federal troops to Martinsburg, Va..... Augustus Fraley died at Trenton, N. J., from a pistol-shot wound inflicted by a policeman..... The body of Charles Burt, a farmer, was found on the railway-track near Perrysburg, O..... The residence of Wm. Anderson, near Worthiville, Ky., was set on fire by unknown parties, and Miss Anderson, aged 16, was fatally shot when she appeared at the door, eleven balls entering her body..... Manuel Blanco Garcia, a Cuban, committed suicide by shooting, at the St. Julien Hotel, this city..... Samuel J. Hudson left on this port for Europe..... William Hydle cut his throat in Brooklyn, L. I..... Mrs. Mary Cronin was fatally injured by falling down stairs at Paterson, N. J..... Mrs. Sarah Harper, aged 30, was fatally burned by the explosion of a can of kerosene oil in Hoboken, N. J..... Richard Walters, a merchant of Hornellsville, N. Y., killed himself by shooting.

*** July 19: Mrs. Frank Campbell, who had been bedridden for years, was murdered at Stoneville, Miss., by a lunatic named James Wilkins. ..... Leopold Stern, aged 25, hung himself in this city..... At New Haven, Ct., John H. Shield, the ringleader of the violators of Mrs. Ellen Warner, was sentenced to State-prison for life..... Michael and John Kelly and Patrick McAllister were arrested at Montreal, Canada, charged with being concerned in the shooting of William Elliott on July 12..... The schooner Dom Pedro, from Boston, Mass., for St. John, N. B., was run down and sunk off Boon Island by the revenue-cutter Grant. No lives were lost..... The explosion of a gas-machine which he was examining caused the death of J. P. Wetherheim at Baltimore, Md..... Mrs. Annie Kohler was perhaps fatally injured by her husband, Franz, who cut her throat, near Plainfield, N. J..... Fires: T. A. Coolidge's shoe-manufactory, at West Marlboro, Mass.—loss $100,000, insurance $74,000; Swift & Courtney's match-factory and Beecher & Co.'s shoe-blacking factory, at Philadelphia—loss not known; business premises of Cowherd & Hancock, Ky.—loss $30,000; Wallace Cook's house and barn, at East Hamburg, N. Y.—loss $10,000, insured for $5,000; Dudley M. Davis' dwelling, sheds and barns, at Derby, Vt.—loss $6,000, insured for $3,800.

*** July 20: The strikes on the Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroads continued, and a strike took place on the Erie Railway, stopping all trains. A riot occurred at Baltimore, and the Sixth Maryland Regiment fired into the crowd, killing eight and wounding a number of others. Troops were also called out in Pennsylvania and Ohio..... Peter Newell was lynched at Elmira, N. Y., for the murder of his wife..... Ex-Inspector W. H. Grace assaulted Surveyor Sharpe in this city..... While handling a revolver, Charles D. Little, residing near Middletown, N. Y., accidentally shot himself dead. ..... Moses Jones, aged 62, of this city, committed suicide by taking poison..... The body of William Meany, residing here, was found in the East River..... William Hodgins stabbed and seriously injured John S. Thompson in this city..... Gen. Toombs introduced a resolution in the Senate at Atlanta, Ga., to repeal the prohibition of dueling, and it was voted down by 113 to 38.

*** July 21: A conflict occurred at Pittsburg, Pa., between railroad-strikers and the military, during which a number of persons were killed, including Sheriff Fife, and others wounded, among the number being General Pearson. The mob sacked all the leading gun-stores, and late at night attacked the soldiers from Philadelphia who had been compelled to take refuge in the Round House at the outer depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Another riot also took place at Baltimore, Md., but no one was killed. Bloodshed was expected at other points..... President Hayes issued a proclamation, ordering all those engaged in these unlawful proceedings to desist and retire to their homes by 12 o'clock noon of the 22d..... The steamboat Golden Rule was sunk at Owega Landing, Miss. No lives lost..... A small boat was run down by a steamer at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., James McDonough and Dan. Brown being drowned..... Cable news: The bombardment of Kars by the Russians had continued for twenty-one consecutive days, an average of 2,000 shells per day having been thrown into the town. The Turks repulsed the Russians in an attack at Plevna, the loss being very heavy. It was reported that an attempt was made on the 19th to assassinate the Czar while on his way to inspect an outpost near one of the lately-captured positions. An officer of his staff was wounded. The Bulgarians are alleged to have massacred 15,000 persons in villages between Rustchuck and Kustenje, fearful atrocities being committed upon men, women and children.

*** July 22: The railroad-strikers continued their riotous work at Pittsburg. Early in the morning the mob set fire to and completely destroyed the round-house of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, together with 125 first-class locomotives housed there, hundreds of loaded freight-cars and other property, aggregating in value, according to a rough estimate, $3,000,000. The troops, who had been penned up in the round-house all night, closely watched, were forced to attempt escape when the building was fired, and as they marched out hastily they were attacked by the strikers, who followed them as they double-quicked toward the Arsenal, firing shots and hurling all sorts of missiles at the soldiers, many of whom were badly hurt and others shot down and left in the streets. Once the military turned and fired into their pursuers, twenty or more persons being killed by the discharge. The commandant at the Arsenal refused to allow the troops admission, saying that he had but twenty men with him, and if he allowed them to enter he could not protect the place against the mob. They then hurried on to the bridge over the Allegheny at Sharpsburg, after crossing which they separated in squads and took to the woods. The civil authorities were totally powerless, and thieves, who took advantage of the reign of terror, broke open and plundered the cars, and carried off the stolen goods with perfect impunity. A meeting of citizens was called with a view to preventing further destruction of property, and committees appointed to confer with the rioters and the railroad authorities, but the strikers refused to listen to their appeals, and the railroad people could not be found. Gov. Hartranft ordered out every militia regiment in the State, and telegraphed to the President for troops, suggesting the propriety of a call for volunteers. The strike in Philadelphia was inaugurated at 6 o'clock P. M., by the men abandoning their places; Mayor Stokley issued a proclamation in the interest of peace and order. Trouble occurred at Hornellsville, N. Y., on the Erie road, the strikers preventing trains departing, and Governor Robinson also issued a proclamation, and the Twenty-third and Seventy-first Regiments were called out and ordered to proceed there. The strike extended to other points, but no serious trouble was reported..... John Eschenfelder cut his throat in Brooklyn, N. Y.

*** July 23: A mob of Erie Railroad men and canal men drove the men out of the New York Central stock-yards at Buffalo, N. Y., and prevented freight trains from going out. No one was injured..... A train of loaded oil-tanks and coal-cars near the West Philadelphia depot of the Pennsylvania R. R. was fired by a mob and partly destroyed..... An artillery company started from Fort Preble, Me., for Pittsburg, and United States troops at other points were ordered to be in readiness to start for the same place..... All trains were abandoned on the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, and the same was the case with the freight trains on the Lake Shore and Southern Michigan road. ..... The Vandalia Railroad men at Indianapolis, Ind., struck, as did also the Niagara division of the Erie Railroad employees..... Trains resumed running at Baltimore, and the excitement was subsiding..... The Twenty-third Regiment arrived at Hornellsville, N. Y., where all was reported quiet..... The New York Central men struck, and all freight trains were stopped..... A Cabinet meeting was held for the purpose of considering the situation and taking action to restore quiet and order. It was decided to issue a proclamation ordering the rioters in Pennsylvania to disperse by noon of the 24th. Gen. Hancock was ordered to assume personal command of the troops in Philadelphia, and Gen. Schofield, command

ATHLETIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The Athletics and Philadelphias met on the former's ground, Philadelphia, on July 21, for the sixth time this season. Despite the threatening appearance of the weather and the limited publicity given to the fixture, over one thousand spectators were present, especial interest being taken in the contest in question on account of Ward and McClure, the pitcher and catcher of the Athletics, having seceded and allotted their fortunes with the Philadelphias. The pitching of Ward and catching of McClure proved too much for the Athletics, as it had for the Philadelphias on the preceding Monday (July 16). The Athletics presented three amateurs, Hellings, Shaw and Dorsey, who filled the vacancies caused by the secession of McClure, Ward and Meyerle. The game is easily described, the Philadelphias getting in three unearned runs, while the Athletics failed to score a run. A miss on strikes by Dorsey—who had commenced catching—gave the Philadelphias their first run in the second inning, and they made another run in the following inning on safe single-basers by McMullin and Ward, assisted by errors by Dorsey, who then gave out, Barber playing in his place the last six innings. The Philadelphias scored their third and last run in the ninth inning on errors by Coons, Barber and Hellings. Beach and Coons alone of the Athletics made base-hits, each being credited with a couple of single-basers. Three more men reached their bases by errors, only to be left by the weak batting of the next strikers. McClure's brilliant catching, Baker and Fisler's base-play, a pretty running-catch by Hellings, and splendid stops by Shetzline and Shaw were the most noteworthy bits of fielding.

PHILA.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Jackson, s. & c.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Baker, 1st b.	4	1	0	10	0	0
Bechtel, r. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Phillips, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Myers, 2d b.	4	0	1	1	4	0
McClure, c.	4	0	0	11	0	0
Birchall, 3d b.	4	0	0	3	1	1
McMullin, c. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Ward, p.	3	0	1	0	3	1
Totals.	34	3	3	27	9	3

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Shetzline, 2b.	4	0	0	1	3	0
Fisler, 1st b.	4	0	0	12	0	0
Hellings, l. f.	3	0	0	5	0	1
Barber, c.	3	0	0	8	1	0
Shaw, p. & s.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Coons, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	4	2
Dorsey, c. & s.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Beach, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	33	0	0	27	14	3

Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	—3
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—none. First base by errors—Philadelphia, 4; Athletic, 3. Double-plays—Myers and Baker, Lomas, Shetzline and Fisler. Umpire, John English of the Olympic. Time, 2h. 10m.

FALL RIVER vs. RESOLUTE.

These clubs did battle at New Bedford, Mass., July 19, the Fall Rivers easily winning. On this occasion Johnson pitched for the latter for the last time, and it is stated that he will in future play with either the Buckeyes of Columbus, O., or the Milwaukee (Wis.) Club. For the present Wilson will pitch for the Fall Rivers.

FALL RIVER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Libby, 1st b.	5	0	0	10	1	0
Mack, r. f.	4	2	1	0	1	0
Hanlon, 2d b.	5	1	2	2	4	0
Canary, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Mutrie, s. s.	4	2	2	2	6	0
Hackett, 3d b.	4	2	1	0	2	0
Rowen, c.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Smith, c. f.	2	2	2	1	0	0
Johnson, p.	2	2	1	0	3	0
Totals.	37	10	13	27	15	1

ROCHESTER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	3	0	0	1	3	1
Fisher, 1st b.	3	0	0	11	0	0
Farrell, c.	3	0	0	5	1	0
Wilson, p.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Hanlon, 3d b.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Canary, s. s.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Mack, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, l. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Rowen, c. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	27	0	0	22	12	1

Fall River	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Rochester	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—none. First base by errors—Fall River, 1. Left on bases—Fall River, 5; Rochester, 7. Double-plays—Hackett, Hanlon and Libby; Brady, Fisher and Farrell. Passed balls—Rowen, 1; Farrell, 1. Time, 1h. 45m.

BALTIMORE vs. EXCELSIOR.

A fine game, which required eleven innings to decide, was contested between the Baltimores and Excelsiors at Newark, N. J., on July 20, and resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 7 to 6. The pitching on both sides was excellent, and the catching, considering that the catchers of both nines had very sore hands, was No. 1, nearly all their errors being excusable. The fielding of both nines, especially that of the latter half of the game, was almost faultless. Some very fine hits were made, but they were few and far between. The Baltimore nine were short their regular pitcher, Dalley, and first-baseman, French.

EXCELSIOR.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Massion, 3d b.	1	0	2	2	0	0
Roach, c., 2b.	1	0	0	9	0	8
Gerbrick, c. f.	1	1	2	2	0	0
Tucker, p.	0	0	0	0	4	0
Smith, 1b., 2b.	0	2	8	0	1	0
Scharf, s. s.	1	0	2	2	2	0
Stewart, 2d b., c.	1	0	1	0	6	0
Dulaney, l. f.	1	2	2	1	0	0
Hildebrand, r. f.	1	1	2	2	0	0
Totals.	6	6	33	11	15	

BALTIMORE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Malone, p.	1	1	1	3	2	0
Kohler, c. f., 2b.	0	0	9	0	8	0
Frazier, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	1	0
Shindle, c.	0	0	6	1	1	0
Snyder, l. f.	1	2	2	0	0	0
Delphy, c., c. f.	0	0	6	2	5	0
Farrell, 1st b.	0	1	0	6	0	0
Slade, 1st b.	1	0	1	2	0	0
Haddock, p.	0	1	0	3	1	0
Totals.	7	5	33	14	12	

Excelsior	2	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	—6
Baltimore	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0	—7

Earned runs—one each. Double-plays—Excelsior, 1; Baltimore, 3. Three-base hits—Smith, 1; Dulaney, 1; Snyder, 1. Two-base hit—Smith, 1. Struck out—Excelsior, 5; Baltimore 5. Umpire, Tom Starr of Alphas. Time, 2h. 15m.

VOLUNTEER vs. ALASKA.

On July 18 the Alaskas of Staten Island opposed the Volunteers in a game at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but they failed to obtain a run.

VOLUNTEER.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
W. Lansing, 1b	1	1	10	0	0	0
Coulton, c.	0	0	1	0	0	1
C. Stoddard, 3b	0	1	1	2	1	1
L. Lansing, s. s	0	0	1	4	0	0
Esterbrook, s. s.	0	0	0	2	3	0
Schouten, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0	0
Golden, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Taylor, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	0
W. Stoddard, l. f.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Welsh, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
McDonald, c.	0	0	8	5	2	0
Totals.	1	4	27	15	6	2

ALASKA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, 1st b.	0	0	14	1	1	0
Bunce, p.	0	0	0	0	2	1
Newman, 3d b.	0	0	0	0	0	1
Esterbrook, s. s.	0	0	2	3	0	0
Schouten, 2d b.	0	0	1	0	1	0
Taylor, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0	0
Bennett, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1	1
McCord, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	0	0
Brice, p.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Totals.	0	0	27	6	6	3

Volunteer	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Alaska	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

First base on errors—Volunteer, 7; Alaska, 1. Left on bases—Volunteer, 6; Alaska, 2. Struck out—Volunteer, 3; Alaska, 4. Strikes called—off Welsh, 12; Brice, 8. Balls called—on Welsh, 11; Brice, 9. Passed balls—McDonald, 2; Devlin, 2. Umpire, R. E. Adriance. Time, 1h. 45m.

ERIE vs. TECUMSEH.

A game of ten innings was played between the Erie of Erie, Pa., and the Tecumsehs of London, Ont., at the former place, July 17. The Canadians were beaten.

TECUMSEH.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Goldsmith, 1b.	0	0	11	0	0	0
Dinnin, 2d b.	0	0	0	2	4	1
Hornung, l. f.	0	0	1	2	0	0
Southam, c. f.	0	0	0	1	1	1
Bradley, p.	0	1	2	0	1	0
Somerville, c.	0	0	1	3	2	0
Doescher, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	1	0
Knowdell, c.	0	0	1	7	0	0
Spencer, r. f.	0	1	0	0	3	0
Totals.	0	1	8	30	11	6

ERIE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.	4	0	0	1	0	4
Fuller, c. f.	4	2	1	0	0	0
Hanlon, 3d b.	4	2	1	0	4	0
Canary, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Jenkins, 3b.	4	0	3	6	5	5
Shattuck, ss.	5	1	2	2	2	0
Tuper, 1. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Simmons, r. f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Waitt, 1st b.	3	0	0	0	2	0
Furroy, p.	3	0	1	2	1	1
Totals.	37	6	9	13	14	10

Tecumseh	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1
Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

Strikes called—off Phillips, 29; Bradley, 33. Balls called—on Phillips, 12; Bradley, 17. Struck out—Phillips, Heifer, Swaley and Curry; Bradley, Somerville, Doescher, Knowdell, Fouser and Heifer, Smiley and Heifer, 1 each. Two-base hits—Dickerson, 2. Passed ball—Talley, 1. Wild throws—Erie, 2; Tecumseh, 3. Left on bases—Erie, 2; Tecumseh, 5. Umpire, Paul Ludwig. Time, 2h.

WATERBURY vs. HUDSON.

The Hudsons of Brooklyn paid a visit to Waterbury, Ct., July 18, and were then and there defeated by the Waterburys by a score of 6 to 3. In the evening the Hudsons were shown the sights of the Brass-manufacturing City.

WATERBURY.	R.	PO.	A.	E.
Burke, r. f.	1	2	0	0
Finley, c.	0	7	3	0
McElliott, 1st b.	1	7	0	0
Kennedy, 2d b.	0	4	1	0
Sheehan, s. s.	0	2	2	0
Cassin, l. f.	1	1	0	0
Hibbits, 3d b.	1	0	0	0
Hickey, c.	1	8	3	5
Cuddy, p.	0	1	3	0
Totals.	6	27	8	8

HUDSON.	3	27	14	9
Totals.	0	0	2	0

Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—3
Waterbury	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Bases on called balls—Waterbury, 2; Hudson, 1. Struck out—Waterbury, 2; Hudson, 5. Umpire, E. F. Merriman.

STOWE vs. HUDSON.

On July 20 the Hudsons of Brooklyn visited West Meriden, Ct., and were finely taken into camp by the Stowes. The game was marked by many brilliant plays. The pitching and catching of Smith and Dorgan were too much for the Hudsons, who played a very pretty fielding game. The playing of the Stowes' new third-baseman is said to have been the best ever seen there.

STOWE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Smith, p.	0	0	0	17	1	0
Dorgan, c.	0	0	0	12	8	0
Burghoff, 3d b.	1	1	2	2	0	0
Burke, l. f.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Strong, s. s.	0	0	1	0	0	0
Kramer, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0	0
Whitney, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Lynn, 1st b.	0	0	12	0	0	0
Reynolds, 2d b.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	1	4	27	34	6	

HUDSON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Stowe	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hudson	0	0	0	0	0	0

First base on errors—Stowe, 4; Hudson, 4. Struck out—Stowe, 4; Hudson, 9. Called balls—on Smith, 9; Raleigh, 3. Umpire, Chas. Sawyer. Time, 1h. 25m.

ST. LOUIS vs. STAR.

A tiresome game, in which errors were numerous and glaring, was contested by the St. Louis Club and the Syracuse Stars at St. Louis, July 21. The Brums won by heavy batting:

ST. LOUIS.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Dorgan, r. f.	5	1	0	5	1	2
Capp, c.	5	1	1	5	6	5
McGeary, 2b.	5	2	2	2	5	2
Croft, l. f.	5	2	2	2	0	0
Force, s. s.	5	1	1	1	5	0
Battin, 3d b.	5	1	1	1	3	3
Lee, 1. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
Bond, p.	5	0	0	0	1	0
Dehlman, 1st b.	4	0	0	11	0	0
Totals.	45	10	10	27	16	12

STAR.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hotaling, c.	5	1	1	5	6	5
Geer, s. s.	5	1	3	2	0	0
Higham, r. f.	4	0	1	2	0	0
McKinn'n, 1b.	4	0	1	11	7	0
Farrell, 2d b.	5	1	2	3	4	1
Mansell, l. f.	5	1	0	1	0	0
Carpenter, 3b.	4	0	1	2	2	0
Reed, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.	37	4	9	27	21	6

St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—St. Louis, 4. Two-base hits—Force, Battin and Lee, 1 each. Three-base hits—Capp and Croft, 1 each. Bases on called balls—Hotaling, 1; Mansell, 1. Left on bases—St. Louis, 6; Star, 4. Umpire, George Seward. Time, 2h. 30m.

WITOKA vs. ARLINGTON.

These clubs played at the Capitoline Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 21, with the appended result, a dispute ending the match in the fifth inning:

WITOKA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Fiene, 3d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Clare, p.	1	1	2	0	1
Crane, s. s.	2	2	1	2	0
Graff, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Pash, 2d b.	0	0	0	0	0
Dwyer, l. f.	1	2	1	0	0
Sweeney, 1st b.	0	0	7	0	0
Tuley, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Marsland, c.	1	0	7	0	0
Totals.	7	5	15	5	1

ARLINGTON.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Gebhard, p.	1	0	1	2	2
Baumell	0	0	3	1	1
Moore, c.	1	0	2	0	0
Leary, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Vanderzee	0	0	1	0	0
Beebe	0	0	2	0	0
Eagan	1	0	0	0	0
Jones	0	0	4	2	0
Wheatley, 1st b	0	0	2	0	0
Totals.	2	1	15	5	3

Witoka	2	0	1	3	1—7
Arlington	2	0	0	0	0—2

First base by errors—Witoka, 2. Runs earned—none. Umpire, Mr. Hennessey of Montauk Club.

OSCEOLA vs. LAFAYETTE.

The contest for the Park championship between the above clubs, played at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, N. Y., July 21, resulted in the success of the Osceolas by a well-played game.

OSCEOLA.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Willetts, 3d b.	0	1	1	2	3
Spencer, 1. f.	0	0	3	0	0
E. Smith, 2d b.	0	0	2	0	0
T. Smith, c.	1	0	10	6	0
Palmer, s. s.	2	1	0	2	1
Savage, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0
Rexton, c. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Peterkin, 1st b.	1	1	11	1	0
Denham, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals.	8	5	27	15	11

LAFAYETTE.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Rogers, s. s.	0	0	1	3	0
G. Irwin, c. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Aspell, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	0
J. Irwin, 1. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Frederick, 3d b.	0	0	2	2	4
McNamee, c.	1	1	13	1	4
Jackson, p.	1	1	2	2	0
Totals.	2	4	27	9	14

Osceola	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	5	0	—8
Lafayette	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Runs earned—Osceola, 2. Umpire, Mr. J. Bunce. Time, 1h. 50m.

Smith's catching was quite a feature.

BUCKEYE VS. MANCHESTER.—The second meeting between the Buckeyes of Columbus, O., and the Manchester, N. H., nine took place July 17, at the former's grounds, the visitors losing:

Buckeye	1	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	—6
Manchester	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Umpire, Mr. Titus.

CRICKET vs. WILKESBARRE.

We present underneath the scores of four games played by the Crickets of Binghamton, N. Y., and the Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Club, on July 13, 14, 19, 20, respectively:

CRICKET.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	1
McGuin'n, 1b.	4	1	1	9	1	0
Rich'rds'n, cf.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Richmond, ss.	4	0	0	2	1	0
Smith, 2d b.	5	0	2	1	0	0
Hanlon, 3d b.	5	0	1	2	3	0
Canary, l. f.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Mutrie, s. s.	4	2	2	2	6	0
Hackett, 2d b.	4	1	0	1	0	0
Rowen, c.	4	0	1	6	0	0
Smith, c. f.	2	2	2	1	0	0
Johnson, p.	2	2	1	0	3	0
Totals.	47	9	12	25	15	1

WILKESB'E.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Moore, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Gillespie, 2b.	4	0	0	1	4	0
Hankins, p.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Sullivan, c.	4	0	0	6	1	0
Housek'r, 1b.	4	0	0	7	0	0
Sullivan, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Bond, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Smith, c.	4	0	0	3	3	0
Parrott, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Quilty, s. s.	3	1	0	1	2	0
Price, 3d b.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Totals.	38	1	1	27	14	0

Cricket	0	0	0	0	3	1	1	0	0	—5
Wilkesbarre	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

First base on errors—Cricket, 2; Wilkesbarre, 3. Passed ball—Dunnegan, 1. Two-base hits—Purcell, Roche, Moore and Wheaton, 1 each. Double-play—Hankinson, Householder and Dunnegan, 1; Roche and McGuinness, 1; Alcott, McGuinness and Roche, 1. Left on bases—Cricket, 3; Wilkesbarre, 7. Umpire, E. A. Rhodes. Time, 1h. 55m.

* Richmond was struck by the ball while running, and delayed out, no one receiving credit therefor.

CRICKET.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, r. f.	5	1	2	1	0	0
McG'n'n, 1b.	5	0	0	14	0	0
Rich'rds'n, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Richm'nd, ss.	4	1	0	0	7	0
Smith, 3d b.	4	1	1	1	1	0
Kennedy, l. f.	4	0	2	2	0	0
Clack, 2d b.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Roche, c.	4	1	2	7	1	0
Alcott, p.	4	1	1	0	2	1
Totals.	38	7	9	27	13	1

WILKESB'E.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Moore, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	1
Gillespie, 2b.	4	0	3	3	3	1
H'k'ns, p., 3b.	5	0	0	0	5	0
Stine, c. f.	4	0	1	2	0	1
H'sek'r, 1b.	3	0	0	10	0	2
D'ng'n, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Quilty, c.	3	0	0	7	0	0
Wheaton, s. s.	3	0	0	0	4	0
Price, p., 3d b.	3	0	1	2	2	1
Totals.	32	0	5	27	11	8

Cricket	2	0	0	4	0	0	1	0	0—7
Wilkesbarre	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned run—Cricket, 1. First base on errors—Cricket, 3. Passed balls—Dunnegan, 1. Two-base hits—Kennedy, Roche and Stine, 1. Double-play—Gillespie and Price. Struck out—Purcell, 1. Left on bases—Cricket, 3; Wilkesbarre, 5. Umpire, P. H. Conroy. Time, 1h. 55m.

CRICKET.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
McGuin's, 1b.	5	2	2	12	0	1
Richard'n, c. f.	4	1	1	2	2	0
Richm'd, s. s.	5	1	1	3	5	0
Smith, 3d b.	5	1	0	1	0	2
Hankin's, p.	4	0	0	2	3	0
Clack, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	5	2
Roche, c.	3	0	1	5	3	2
Alcott, r. f.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.	38	5	7	29	19	7

WILKESB'E.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Moore, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Gillespie, 2b.	4	0	0	3	2	1
Hankins, c.	4	0	0	7	2	0
Sullivan, c. f.	5	0	2	2	0	0
Housek'r, 1b.	4	0	2	9	0	0
Sullivan, ss.	4	0	0	2	3	1
Bond, r. f.	5	1	1	2	0	0
Parrott, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Quilty, s. s.	3	1	0	1	2	0
Price, 3d b.	3	0	1	2	1	1
Totals.	40	2	6	33	10	3

Cricket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Wilkesbarre	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Runs earned—Cricket, 2; Wilkesbarre, 1. First base on errors—Cricket, 4; Wilkesbarre, 3. Passed balls—Roche, 2; Dunnegan, 1. Two-base hits—Richardson and McGuinness, 1 each. Bases on called balls—Purcell and Kennedy, 1 each. Double-play—Roche and McGuinness. Struck out—Cricket, 5; Wilkesbarre, 4. Left on bases—Cricket, 4; Wilkesbarre, 8. Umpire, Bert Hotchkiss. Time, 2h. 5m.

CRICKET.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Purcell, p.	5	1	0	0	5	2
McGuin's, 1b.	4	2	0	16	0	1
Richm'd, s.	4	1	0	0	2	0
Smith, 3d b.	4	1	0	3	0	0
Hankins, c.	4	0	0	5	3	1
Clack, 2d b.	4	0	1	2	5	2
Roche, c.	3	0	1	5	3	2
Alcott, r. f.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals.	35	5	2	27	19	8

WILKESB'E.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Moore, r. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Gillespie, 2b.	4	0	0	3	2	1
Hankins, p.	4	0	0	1	2	0
Sullivan, c. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Housek'r, 1b.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Sullivan, c.	4	0	0	7	2	0
Bond, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Parrott, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Quilty, s. s.	3	1	0	1	2	0
Price, 3d b.	3	0	0	1	2	0
Totals.	34	1	0	22	10	1

Cricket	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Wilkesbarre	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

First base on errors—Cricket, 3; Wilkesbarre, 2. Passed balls—Roche, 1; Dunnegan, 3. Double-plays—Gillespie, Roche and McGuinness. Left on bases—Cricket, 4; Wilkesbarre, 4. Umpire, Bert Hotchkiss. Time, 2h. 20m.

CHICAGO vs. STAR.

A small assemblage witnessed the game between these clubs at Chicago, Ill., July 19. The rain fell up to the hour of commencing the contest, and, considering the slippery condition of the field, the play was very good. An error by Higham let Hallinan in on McVey's hit, and the latter scored on Anson's out. Anson made the other Chicago run off a bad error by McCormick. The Stars got a run in the second inning off Mc-Vey's errors, and earned another in the third inning by good hitting.

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Hallinan, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
McVey, c.	4	1	1	2	5	0
Anson, 3d b.	5	1	3	1	2	2
Peters, s. s.	4	0	2	2

SHADOWS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

THEN the shadows, slowly flitting
Through the room where I am sitting, [floor,
Break in golden bits the sunshine which has lingered on the
Twixt the apple-boughs which curtain
With a broken veil uncertain,
Stealing in with partial dimness through my lowly open door,
Then I weave their forms fantastic
Into beings warm and plastic,
Who once lived, and now are shadows, and who haunt my
home and heart—
Who have here no place abiding
(Twixt our souls is no dividing); [depart.
They are with me, and I see them; they shall nevermore
There is one—a fair-haired shadow!
Oh, the grove, the lane, the meadow
Where she used to walk beside me (for I am a shadow too)!
Faded are her tresses golden,
And her face is strangely olden,
Have you ever held a shadow closely folded unto you?
There's a shadow old and withered,
For the winds of Time have shivered
Proud the face that was my mother's. There's a babe upon
her breast;
But I watched the shades enfold them,
Vainly sought my arms to hold them; [rest.
Shadows of the other shadows, they have passed unto their
How I love them as they gather!
Would they might remain forever!
Or until I seek the shadow, on some quiet afternoon;
For my human heart is yearning [too soon.
For the shadows unreturning;
I would clasp them, I would keep them, but they vanish all
Oh, that sweet, that fair-haired shadow!
Ah, the grove, the lane, the meadow! [bloom.
She shall walk no more beside me when the Summer is in
I shall hear no more the laughter
Which her girlhood followed after;
For the shadow on her bright eyes is the shadow of the tomb

TANSEY:
What Became of Sarah's Child.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BARRY CROTON.

When it came to be known that Sarah was dead, and that Tansey was left without a protector in the world, the members of Cobb's company held a consultation in the dressing-tent. Who was Sarah? Well, she was the principal rider in Cobb's Great Roman Circus. The show-bills called her Madame De Bona. Some among her more intimate friends called her Mrs. Harris. To the members of the company, however, she was known simply as Sarah. More than this—her name and profession—little could be told about the woman, save that she was beautiful, reticent and reckless. The record of her life was something that she kept hidden from all eyes. Perhaps it was wiser that she should do this, for it was not a clean record at best. Yet Sarah was a woman of many noble qualities; and when she died, if there was none to mourn for her, there was certainly none to defame her memory.

And who was Tansey?

When Madame De Bona closed her engagement for the season with Simon Cobb, she told the manager that she had a child who would travel with her. To this proposition Cobb offered no objection; but when he found that the boy was six years old, and that he couldn't even turn a hand-spring, he remarked:

"Strikes me that kid's eddication is bein' sadly neglected. Afore I was as old as him I could do a somersault neat, and was learnin' a ridin' act. But kids aint what they was!"

With this philosophic conclusion, Cobb dismissed all further thought of the child. So long as the mother did her work acceptably, Simon was satisfied. And seldom is it that a woman's fame attained to such great height upon a horse as did Madame De Bona. She was more than a trained rider; she was a natural equestrienne. Her daring and nerve were things to excite wonder, and the recklessness of her riding lent it a charm which is not often possessed by performers in the sawdust-ring. People predicted that this recklessness would result, sooner or later, in an accident to the fair rider; and even Cobb took it upon himself to caution Madame De Bona against imperiling her life needlessly.

"There is no danger," she answered with a slight curl of the lip. "The last thing that I fear is an accident."

And yet, one night, in the midst of her act, and while a thousand eyes were watching her with an interest almost painful, Madame De Bona fell from her horse. At the time it was not believed that she was seriously injured, but she died three days afterwards. And it was upon the receipt of this intelligence that the members of Cobb's company held a consultation in the dressing-tent with regard to what should be done with Tansey.

"As I understand it," said Mr. Richard Wyckoff the clown, "this here kid has no father."

"It appears not," returned Mr. William Bates, the four-horse rider.

"And likely enough," suggested Mr. John Tenbrook, whose letters were not unfrequently addressed with the distinctive appendage "barrel biz," thus indicating his occupation, and preventing his correspondence from falling into the hands of any other member of the Tenbrook family—"and, likely enough, he never had no father, viewing the matter in a legal light."

"Likely enough he never did," rejoined Mr. Wyckoff. "But that doesn't make any di ference. Sarah is dead, and the kid aint got no one to take care of him. He can't take care of himself, that's plain. The question now is: What shall we do for him?"

Mr. Wyckoff looked around upon the faces of the assembled company as though expecting a reply to this interrogatory, but none seemed forthcoming.

"My own opinion," resumed the clown, "is this: Tansey appears to be a likely kid, and, if he has the proper training, he may grow up into a first-class performer. I don't know much about raising youngsters myself; but I am willing to do what is right under the circumstances. It won't cost much to feed him and clothe him, and if we all chip in together we can keep him with the show until the end of the season, and then he can go into Winter-quarters with me—if there's no one objects."

Evidently no one was disposed to object, and it was accordingly decided that Tansey should be retained in the company, and given such instruction as would fit him for a brilliant career in the sawdust-ring.

"As for the teaching," said Mr. Wyckoff, "we'll see what he takes to most natural, and then train him. There's no knowing but what he'll make as good a rider as his mother."

With this the consultation ended, and the fate of Tansey was decided.

Before his mother's death the boy had little association with the members of the company. He sat quietly in the dressing-tent while Madame De Bona performed her act, and at its conclusion he left, always in her company. Her love for him appeared almost fierce in its intensity, while his affection for her, if less impetuous, was no less sincere. It was generally understood that Madame De Bona designed Tansey for some other profession than her own. This knowledge did not tend to heighten the regard in which he was held by the other performers, and Mr. Joseph Duncan, whose ambition had never soared above the level of a horizontal-bar, had been heard to remark:

"That ere Tansey is too big a kid for his skin?"

Which was accepted as implying a snobbish nature on the part of Sarah's child. But any such belief which may have been entertained by the members of Cobb's company was speedily overthrown after Tansey had entered into more intimate relations with the performers. Within a week after the consultation in the dressing-tent, there was not a man connected with the circus but what would willingly have made any reasonable sacrifice for Tansey's sake.

"You see," explained Mr. Wyckoff, "he aint no common sort of kid. We never knew what a little trump he was until Sarah died. She kept him so entirely to herself that the rest of us didn't get a chance to speak to him, hardly. But now that we've adopted him, as it were, and he looks upon us in the light of parents, why, we begin to understand what Tansey is made of!"

That nothing but the choicest material had entered into Tansey's composition was the firm conviction, not only of Wyckoff, but of every individual member of Cobb's company. Even Joseph Duncan was ready to defend the boy against any slurring insinuations, such as he himself had been wont to indulge in; and he made apology for his former remarks by declaring that nobody could tell the quality of a pudding until he had tasted it—a very obvious truism.

Tansey's education was a matter of serious consideration with all the members of the company. Mr. Wyckoff undertook to instruct him in the rudiments of reading, writing and orthography, while his physical training was left principally to Mr. Bates. It became evident, in a month's time, that the boy took a very much deeper interest in his books than he did in the gymnastic exercises of the ring, albeit he displayed in the latter a commendable readiness to learn. He tried so hard to do all that was required of him that Mr. Bates never uttered a harsh word, nor resorted to any other means than that of kindness, to encourage his pupil.

"He's the willingest youngster that ever lived," the old performer would say, "but he aint got it in him. Sometimes I think that Tansey ought to be put to a different calling—a lawyer, or a merchant, or maybe a minister. Blow me if I don't believe he was made for a inister!"

The influence which this child exercised over the men in whose midst Fate had th rown him was more potent than even they themselves understood. I presume that the moral standing of Simon Cobb's company was neither better nor worse than that of the average circus troupe. There was a good deal of nobleness and generosity hidden under a rough exterior, and the men whose lips were not strangers to oaths could still utter kind words which came straight from the heart. One day, at the conclusion of the afternoon performance, John Tenbrook discovered that his dancing-barrel had been broken. John was not generally a profane man; but his anger on this occasion found vent in a volley of oaths which caused the canvasman, who had committed the offense, to get out of the way in hot haste. The echo of this volley was still in the air when Tansey entered the dressing-tent. Tenbrook stopped his swearing forthwith, but he could not suppress his wrath.

"If I catch the fellow that done this it'll be bad for him!" remarked John with strong emphasis.

"It's too bad," said Tansey, gazing at the barrel whose dancing-days were forever gone. "Do you know what I'd do, John, if it were my barrel?"

"No, Tansey; what would you do?"

"Well, I'd get another one, and I wouldn't swear about it a bit, 'cause that wouldn't do no good."

All the sermons which had ever fallen upon the ear of Mr. John Tenbrook never produced a thousandth part of the effect which these words did; and it was noticeable, from that day forward, that whenever the barrel performer was on the point of uttering an oath he stopped short, turned the quid of tobacco reflectively in his mouth, and then said:

"I'd swear if 'twould do any good."

As the season advanced, and the qualities of Tansey's character became more openly revealed to the members of Cobb's company, the regard in which he was held grew stronger and stronger. Mr. Wyckoff declared that the boy knew more about books than he did; and Mr. Bates was heard to remark that Tansey was too wise for the ring, and that he ought to be brought up to some other profession. There was something singularly beautiful about the attachment which sprang up between this child and the men who cared for him. A love as tender as that which might be borne for a woman took root in hearts which were not counted soft, and shaped anew the characters which time had fashioned. Often, when the company had gathered in the dressing-tent and the conversation had turned upon subjects which might bring a blush to a woman's cheek, the entrance of Tansey would be followed by an abrupt silence; and whoever spoke would introduce a new and wholesome topic, lest the boy's ears should be shocked. Next to the authoritative utterances of Cobb himself, nothing had greater weight than Tansey's words; and the favorable reception of any proposition was assured, providing it could be shown that Tansey favored it.

Mr. Wyckoff never tired relating the remarkable evidences of mental superiority displayed by his young pupil, and he would repeat over the boy's sayings with a zest so keen that the listener was forced to share in his admiration. A somewhat careful study of the characteristics of showmen convinces me that they are much quicker to appreciate those acquirements in which there are most signally deficient than any which they possess themselves. I have known a modern Hercules, who played with cannon-balls as though they were oranges, express only contempt for physical strength in others; yet the ability to string together a stanza of rhymes filled him with honest admiration. Perhaps this is a trait not altogether peculiar to show-people. Your average collegian prides himself more upon his skill with the bat, or his success with the oar, than any of his triumphs in the class-room. Kind-hearted old Horace Greeley questioned his own right to distinction as an editor, but never doubted that he could carry on a farm with credit to himself and to his crops. All of us envy those qualities which we do not possess, and pride ourselves most on the accomplishment of those things we do worst. Which is why I sometimes believe that my landlady cherishes the delusion that her pies are really delicious.

But I forget that I am telling you the story of Tansey. Mr. Wyckoff, as I have said, related the wise sayings of his pupil with unbounded satisfaction. The readiness with which he learned to read fairly astonished the old clown, and it is to be presumed, upon the theory just advanced, that Tansey's aptness for study seemed by far more wonderful than would any feat of strength or agility which he might perform. The boy developed a thirst for knowledge which appeared surprising to his associates, although it was in perfect keeping with a nature highly strung and fine of texture. Something of this same yearning after truth had manifested itself in his mother; perhaps it had been even more strongly developed in his unknown father.

So far as in their power lay, the members of Cobb's company endeavored to answer Tansey's numerous inquiries; but it not unfrequently happened that the child's questions opened up a realm of thought which had never been explored by the followers of the sawdust-ring. One night Tansey was returning from the tent to the hotel in company with Wyckoff, when he astonished the clown by asking:

"How many stars are there in the sky, Dick?"

"Nobody knows, Tansey," replied Mr. Wyckoff, looking up into the vaulted heavens. "Leastwise, I don't. But there's millions of 'em, I guess."

"What makes 'em shine?" asked Tansey.

"Well, now, you've got me!" answered the clown. "Prob'bly they shine because they're light."

"But what makes 'em light?"

"Well, now, you're a curious kid!" returned Mr. Wyckoff, bringing his eyes down from the heavens to the uplifted face of the boy. "What do you ask such questions for, Tansey?"

"'Cause I was thinking that maybe the stars are angels. They're in the sky, you know, and that's where heaven is, aint it?"

"Yes, that's where heaven is, they say," answered the old clown wonderingly.

"My mother is up there somewhere," continued Tansey, with eyes uplifted. "Maybe she is one of those stars."

Wyckoff was silent, and the boy, with face still turned towards the sky, added:

"If she is, I should like to know which star is mother. It's a bright one, don't you think so, Dick?"

"Yes," answered the clown softly. "She'd be a bright star, or she wouldn't be any!"

Turning suddenly, so that his eyes rested full on the face of his companion, Tansey asked:

"Didn't I ever have a father, Dick?"

"Yes, Tansey, you had one, but—but he's dead now!"

"Then maybe he is a star, too!" returned the boy.

"I don't think he is," rejoined Mr. Wyckoff with some little emphasis. "But we won't talk any more about that, Tansey. Just think of me as your father—me and Bates and Tenbrook. We're all your fathers!"

Cobb's Great Roman Circus brought a successful season to a close in November, and the company disbanded in Cincinnati. Mr. Tenbrook had previously secured an engagement with a hall-show for the Winter months; but Wyckoff and Bates felt that they had earned the right to rest, and so journeyed to New York, where they took up their quarters, with the intention of remaining until Spring. And there went Tansey. The boy had grown to be so much a part of their existence that these old showmen would have cut off their right hands, I verily believe, rather than have surrendered their protege. A comfortable room was secured in that immediate neighborhood of the city where the circus profession centres, and Wyckoff, Bates and Tansey took up their abode together.

In all the great metropolis, I doubt whether there was another trio so happy as these three. Both Wyckoff and Bates had reached the age that brings the philosophic mind, and, while they had never known the sweets of home-life, they found in this new object of affection a nearer approach to genuine happiness than they had ever before experienced. Through the long Winter evenings they would sit together, with Tansey on a stool between them, and talk over the varied events of their checkered careers. Now the boy's eyes would grow big with wonder as Wyckoff related how he had traveled through Australia with one of the first circus companies that ever visited that far-away land. Now his lip would quiver with indignation as he heard Bates recount the cruel treatment he had received when a boy, and in the days when it was more difficult for him to ride one horse than it had since become to ride four. Now his heart would swell with pride as he listened to the praises of his mother, whom both Wyckoff and Bates declared to be "a perfect lady." To all that was told him he listened with an eagerness born of his desire for information; and it needed no more skillful hands than those of his benefactors to touch the responsive chord of sympathy in his breast. Unconsciously, the companionship of this sensitive, trustful child wrought upon the natures of the two men, and quickened all their better impulses. He awakened in their hearts a deeper love than had found a place there for many years—deeper, perhaps, than had ever found a place there before. And this love refined and purified them, as unselfish love always does with all men.

Among the showmen's professional friends who paid them occasional visits at their room Tansey became a warm favorite. His intelligence and ready wit impressed them at once; and when Mr. Wyckoff, with a chuckle of satisfaction, would remark: "He knows a blamed sight more'n either Bates or me," none of the visitors seemed disposed to question the truth of the assertion. Sometimes a professional caller would inquire what line of business Tansey intended to follow—an interrogatory which was always turned over to either Wyckoff or Bates for an answer. And these indulgent guardians, gazing at their young charge with undisguised admiration, would reply:

"Well, we aint decided yet. There's no tellin' what's in store for that boy. He don't take to the ring natural, you see, which goes to show that he's cut out for something higher. He aint made of the same stuff as you and me. We have an idea that he's destined to become a minister, or something of that sort. How'd you like to be a minister, Tansey?"

"Pretty well, I guess."

"Better'n doin' the barrel biz, wouldn't you?"

"Yes; if you'd come and hear me preach."

At which Wyckoff and Bates would wink knowingly at each other, and chuckle again with renewed satisfaction.

But Tansey was not destined to become a minister.

One morning, towards the end of the Winter, he complained of a sharp pain in his head and back. When Mr. Wyckoff told him that it was time for breakfast, he said, smiling:

"I guess I won't get up to-day, Dick. I don't feel very good, and I aint hungry."

Before another twenty-four hours had passed Tansey was in a burning fever. He lay tossing restlessly in the little cot which stood in one corner of the room, while Mr. Wyckoff, who had sought to divert his mind by telling him of Australia, began to grow alarmed.

"Bates," said the old clown, "the kid must have a doctor. He's gettin' worse all the time."

Thereupon Mr. Bates put on his coat and hat and went in quest of a physician. During his absence, Mr. Wyckoff proceeded with the account of his Australian adventures, but for once his words failed to interest the boy.

"We'll have the rest of that lion story to-morrow," said the clown at last, with a touch of tenderness in his voice. "You must try and go to sleep now, Tansey. The doctor'll come pretty soon, and then you'll be all right again!"

The doctor did come; but he shook his head gravely as he looked at the boy, and called the two men aside to say to them:

"It's a serious case, I fear. The symptoms are those of typhoid fever. He will need constant care, and perhaps it would be better to have him removed to an hospital. The disease is contagious, you know, and one of you may take it if he remains here."

"We shan't take nothing from Tansey that'll hurt us," returned Mr. Wyckoff quietly. "Do your prettiest for him, doctor, and Bates and me'll take care of him!"

When I hear it asserted by the Pharisees who still inhabit the earth that there is nothing but evil in the hearts of those who follow the showman's calling, I think again of Tansey and his guardians. Again I see, as often I saw during the days of his illness, the boy lying in his cot, and the two men sitting at his side, as watchful, as tender, as devoted, as a mother nursing her child. Again I hear their subdued voices questioning the physician with terrible eagerness, and I picture to myself their efforts to clutch at hope where hope was gone. The memory of their untiring care, their gentleness and unselfish devotion, comes back to me most vividly; and with it comes a feeling of pity for those whose narrow visions can detect no good in lives like these.

With the increase of the burning fever came delirium, and for many days and nights Tansey's mind wandered through strange realms. Now he talked of his mother, and now of the stars, which he believed to be angels; now he lived again in the stirring scenes of the circus or the wild adventures which had been related to him; now he went back to his books and repeated over all that he had learned, or spoke hopefully of the coming Summer and the progress which he would make in his studies. And during all these ravings one or the other of the two men sat constantly by the side of the cot, pressing the hot brow of the boy with touch as tender as a woman's.

At last came the crisis and a change. Reason returned, but neither strength nor the hope thereof. With that foreknowledge which comes so often when death draws nigh, the boy felt the truth.

"I aint afraid to die," he said simply. And then, after many minutes of silence, he turned his eyes towards Wyckoff and asked: "Can you pray, Dick?"

"I never did, as I know of," answered the old clown. "But"—and here his voice choked a—"maybe I could do it now, Tansey!"

"I wish you'd try, Dick."

So, kneeling down by the side of the cot, Richard Wyckoff uttered the first prayer which had ever fallen from his lips. And when he had finished, Tansey, stretching out his hand, said:

"I guess God heard that!"

Those were the last words he ever spoke. And the deepening twilight threw its mantle over two men who sat in silence by the cot, and were not ashamed of the tears they shed for Tansey.

THE OLD STAGE-HORSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

What is that lying there out in the street?
Only a stage-horse, dead from the heat;
While the crowd stares, along comes the dray—
Hustle him in and cart him away!

Better it is that he should be dead
Than living the burdensome life he led;
Better go down in the din and the crash,
Than longer to suffer the sting of the lash.

Stiff in the joints and weak in the knees,
Jaded, disabled and filled with disease,
Shorn of his strength and blind in an eye—
What could the old horse do but die?

Little there was to sweeten his life,
Doomed to the clattering tumult and strife,
To the deafening din and the scorching heat
Of the city's clamorous, crowded street,

Happier days had the old horse known,
Days when a kindlier fortune had thrown
His lot in pleasant and peaceful ways—
Alack, that he ever outlived those days!

Then was he petted and prized for his speed,
Given the best of drink and feed,
Groomed by day and guarded by night,
And decked with a harness polished and bright

Halcyon times were those for him,
When glossy of coat and neat of limb,
Proud from his host to his small ear's tip,
He felt his power and spurned the whip.

But for the evil days that came
He never had known disgrace or shame;
His life had been all that comport denotes,
Passed in the calm of an Eden of oats.

Stripped of his honors and weakened by age,
Thus at the end was he put to the stage;
The servant alike of sinner and saint,
He bore his burden without complaint.

Yet sometimes, I fancy, there rose to his eyes
A vision of pastures and country skies,
The lumbering coach that rolled at his heels
Turned to a buggy with shining wheels.

In place of the dusty, noisy street,
The cool, broad highway stretched at his feet,
And again at the brook he stopped to drink—
Ah, well, I forgot—a horse cannot think!

All he could do, from day to day,
Was to go plodding in patient way,
Till his very whinny had turned to a sigh,
And then, if he could not think, he could die!

NERVOUSNESS.—Now, from whatever cause or combination of causes nervousness has been produced, if happiness and health are to be restored, the cause must be removed, or the injury they have caused repaired. For, in proportion to the weakness to a man's system, and the enfeeblement of his nerves, will be the liability of his falling a victim to other and more fatal maladies; and thus it is that every day we find such diseases as bronchitis, consumption, Bright's disease, brain disease and insanity following the heels of nervousness. First, we must remove the cause, restore the tone of the heart, improve the blood. All injurious habits must be given up; late hours and intemperance in eating abandoned; smoking, if practiced, stopped. The food is most important. If must be abundant and wholesome—neither too much nor too little. It should not be sloppy, and soups had better be avoided so long as solid food can be taken. Rise from the table feeling you have had enough, but not oppressed with what you have eaten. The bread should be stale, and no very heating food taken. Light beer should be taken every night, if possible. This alone will nearly cure. Take no narcotics to make you sleep. A few raw oysters before bedtime are worth all the narcotics in the world, are easily digested, and furnish material for restoring nervous tissue and blood. If you wake in the middle of the night, sometimes a stale biscuit will send you off to sleep again. A change of scene, air, and cheerful society, with sea-bathing, are excellent agents for curing nervousness. Avoid physic—it exhausts the tone of the system, the very thing you would restore. Above all, keep up a good heart.—*Doctor Hall.*

GEESE IN HARNESS.—The sightseers of London, Eng., were treated to an unusual spectacle June 16. Felix Rogers of Sanger's Amphitheatre undertook and accomplished the feat of being drawn in a tub by four geese from Battersea to Westminster Bridge. It was intended that the feat should have been performed over the same course on the Derby Day, but, owing to the roughness of the water and the high wind which prevailed, the project, under the advice of Thomas Rogers and of "Gosling," the Thames waterman who was to act as pilot, was abandoned for the time. The hour of starting from the Old Swan at Battersea was 2.30, on the ebb tide; but the start actually took place at twenty minutes to two. At the hour last named, Felix Rogers entered a tub (two feet deep by two feet six inches in diameter), to which were prefixed four geese which had recently been procured from a farm in Essex. He was dressed in a naval captain's uniform, and made his start on the ebb tide to a salute of four guns, being piloted by Gosling, and convoyed by about half a dozen boats to clear the way. The geese proved pretty tractable, fixed as they were to the pole of the tub, and satisfactory progress was made down the river. Vauxhall Bridge being successfully shot, and Westminster Bridge being reached about three o'clock, amid the cheers of those assembled on the bridge, the trip being thus accomplished in about one hour and twenty minutes.

BASEBALL TALK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EMAC CROOK.

I claim that I am not a blockhead;
I might, but for modesty, say
That I'm usually quick of perception,
And know a good deal in my way.
And yet I confess there are some things
That I don't understand at all,
And worse than a riddle to me is
The language they use at baseball.

I read the reports of the matches
With an eagerness really intense,
But I fail to get much satisfaction
From words that are lacking in sense.
I am told, for example, that Tompkins
"At this point was given a life"—
I should like to inquire if Tompkins
Was dead when he entered the strife?

"The club was demoralized badly"—
Now, what is the meaning of that?
Had the men taken "balls" so freely
That they could not handle the bat?
The short-stop's "demoralization"
Was evinced by "stealing a base;"
I am filled with amazement that players
Should stoop to such acts of disgrace!

Here is Smith, who is lauded for making
Some "splendidly brilliant base plays"—
If a man who plays basely is honored,
We live in degenerate days.
"A magnificent stop of a grounder"!
Is a phrase which I frequently see;
But what sort of a thing is a "grounder,"
I own, is a floorer for me.

The Low Shoes, they say, were defeated
"Because of their not hitting Jones"—
Now, why were they trying to hit him?
For the purpose of breaking his bones?
I grew both indignant and angry,
Though my heart is usually steeled,
When I saw that a nine in Chicago
"Knocked Simpson all over the field!"

But the thing which puzzles me most is
The scores which they print of the games;
I swear that I can't get the meaning
Of anything there but the names.
What is "A" at the head of the column,
And what does "P. O." imply?
If it doesn't mean Post Office, someone
Will please to inform me why!

They speak of "taking hot bounders"—
Some kind of a drink, no doubt—
And then leave me in darkness by saying
"When the runner came in he was out."
So, I hold that I am not a blockhead
For not understanding at all
The puzzling expressions and phrases
Which are used in the game of baseball.

LITTLE BLUE'S GREAT VICTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Spring races of 1851 on the old Metairie Course, New Orleans, attracted an immense gathering in that city, and the St. Charles and St. Louis Hotels were completely filled with guests. Among those who registered at the former was Bill Webster of Frankfort, Ky., who was considered an oracle in horse-matters, and willing to stack up against anybody in backing his opinion as long as his money lasted. On Sunday, April 20, 1851, the great three-mile-heat race for the proprietor's purse of $500 came off, and had for entries the following well-known horses: J. B. Patterson's Little Blue, by Gray Eagle, dam by Brunswick, who was the exact image of his sire—gray in color, and aged four years. S. M. Hill's chestnut filly Tulip, four years old, by Gray Eagle out of Eliza Jenkins; Andrew Bell's chestnut gelding Harkleroad, two years old, by Pacific out of an imported mare; and Duncan F. Kenner's bay colt Stockton, five years old, and own brother to Free Trade. These four, who were to do the honors on that day, acted as a magnet; for before one o'clock there was never so many people went down the shell-road to witness a race as there was on that bright Sunday morning; and those who enjoyed the pleasure of that day's sport returned to the city perfectly satisfied, even if some of them lost. The main betting before the race commenced was one hundred to eighty-five that Stockton would be first or second, one hundred to seventy-five that Little Blue would not win, and one hundred to thirty against the other two. Bill Webster backed Stockton at the odds mentioned to the tune of four hundred dollars, for he looked on that horse as a sure winner, and in fact he had all that appearance when he showed up on the track; but, as the old saw says, "the race is not always to the swift," and in this particular case the old saw was exactly right.

When everything was ready, the signal for the first heat was given, and off the whole four shot on even terms. And the start was beautiful, all of them being in a bunch for the first three-quarters, and it was hard to tell which was ahead until they entered the homestretch, when Tulip took the lead, and came running, making it look easy for her followers. As they passed under the string, entering the second mile, the filly was still leading, Stockton second, Harkleroad third, and Little Blue trailing along last. These positions they maintained during the second mile, and when going into the third and last mile of the first heat the two-year-old challenged the leader and headed her for a short time; but she again won the lead, shaking him off; and then a shout of joy arose as Little Blue was given his head. Passing the favorite like a flash, he collared the younger one, and, leaving him behind, was first to the flower in front; but, not being pushed very hard by the use of steel or leather, he did not reach her, and she came home, winning the first heat in 6:00¼; Little Blue second, the favorite third, and the young one last. This result caused quite a consternation in the betting circle, as it was unexpected, and immediately a Tulip "ring" was formed, and the betting was even on her against any named horse, which was generally understood to be Little Blue, for his backers did not desert him; but the backers of the favorite, Stockton, were looking for a second place to hedge, and naturally divided between the two last named. Among those who deserted the favorite was Bill Webster, and he turned over to Tulip, betting three hundred more on her, thinking he would save himself thereby, though all the time believing that Stockton would eventually win. The two-year-old son of Pacific, who came in fourth, was overlooked entirely, nobody wagering a cent on him, because it was the general opinion that he would not win a heat; but in this they were mistaken, as the sequel will show.

After the horses were cooled off and time was called, a new deal showed up as fresh as June roses, and it was a difficult thing for anybody to pick the winner; but everybody was willing enough to bet that Harkleroad would never get to the front, because his tender years were against his going the distance; and when that opinion was given to the world, of course it was the favorite on that particular point. Again, to a square, even start, the whole four sprang forward, and a blanket could have covered them until the backstretch was reached, when Tulip jumped into the lead once more, and they began to branch out, the favorite first, second place, in this way they bolted under the string, running for dear life, and Little Blue trailing as before; but there was many a change between the leader and Stockton until they entered the last quarter of the second mile, when Tulip again sprang to the front, and when under the string a perfect shout of victory went up from her backers, for it looked like a certainty for her winning the heat, and of course the race. She maintained her lead until passing the half-mile post, and two to one was offered that she would win, but of course was gobbled up; but before the stakeholders got hold of the money, the trailer went to the front and headed the beautiful Tulip. Now, however, the young Pacific was seen creeping up, and as he passed the first favorite the cry was:

"What's this? Another surprise?"

Loud enough it was, for Harkleroad, the despised, showed a sudden burst of speed, passed Tulip like a twinkling, and entered the homestretch ahead of Little Blue, which position, with the aid of a little leather, he held, and passed the judges, winning the second heat in 6:14½; the trailer second, close up, Tulip third, and Stockton last.

This last surprise spelled all calculations, and the bettors were in a fog of uncertainty, not knowing where to place their money to be saved; and in fact the excitement was so great that some of the knowing ones, including Bill Webster, did not really know where they were; but the perspiration rolling down their faces proved that the race and the astonishment attending it had made things very warm.

According to the rules of modern racing, all horses would have been sent to the stables except Harkleroad and Tulip; but in the good old times the owner of a horse could send him along until the race was actually won, if he desired to do so. In this race, Duncan F. Kenner, seeing that his horse, Stockton, was completely played out, drew him, which was a terrible blow to those who were betting one hundred to eighty-five that he would get first or second place. Still it could not be helped, and his backers were in a sea of doubt whether to back the youngster or the filly. In this they were again doomed to go astray, for they commenced betting even between Tulip and the two-year-old, and two to one against Little Blue, who had not won a heat yet, but whose backers were so confident of his staying qualities that they took all they could readily get, and went begging for more. Bill Webster did not give any odds, but quietly put up two hundred more on Tulip's winning the race, thinking it was a sure thing for her to get the third heat and the race, and entirely ignoring the champion trailer. And right here it was that he showed that his judgment in horseflesh was not so good as he would lead people to believe, for Little Blue was just beginning to feel good, while nine miles were a severe task for a two-year-old. If there was another broken heat, the latter could scarcely have no possible show, and the race would virtually lie between the filly and the trailer; but Bill did not give broken heats a thought, and this was the card he overlooked.

When time was called for the third heat, all three came up frisky and full of life, and the crowd were astonished to see the youngster looking so fresh. He was there staunch and true, looking as if he had not turned a hair. When the word was given, off they went as supple as if it were the commencement of the first heat. The filly, as usual, took the lead, the youngster in the middle and Little Blue trailing as before; and in this way they kept without any alteration until coming down the last quarter of the second mile, when Harkleroad challenged her, and, gaining the lead, entered the third mile first, which position encouraged his backers to such an extent that they sent up a rousing cheer of defiance, and commenced a new deal in putting up their sugar; but they were so well satisfied of the youngster's ability to get away with the filly that they did not pay any attention to the champion trailer creeping slowly and gaining in his lazy strides, although such was the case. It could be seen that all three were kind of tired; but as they whirled around the turn into the three-quarter stretch of the last mile the backers of Little Blue shouted: "He's got them!" which brought the friends of Harkleroad to their senses; for, sure enough, the trailer passed both in quick succession, and entered for home with a full head of steam, holding his place and winning the heat by a close shave in 6:19½; the youngster second, and the filly just inside the distance-stand.

This was surprise No. 3 to all except the backers of Little Blue, and they commenced betting three to one on him against the field—and the way those odds were captured was a caution. As was said before, the distance was too far for the young one, and it was really a shame to start him again; but when called upon he responded nobly, although looking very tired. The filly and the trailer looked a little fresher, but still they, too, showed signs of fatigue. When called for the fourth trial the three came up to the starting-point as if knowing they had a duty to perform and they were eager to get through with it. Everything being ready, the word was given, and off they started for the final heat. Before they rounded the first turn, the flower of the flock was again in the lead, closely pushed by Little Blue, and the young one lagging in the rear. The trailer kept up to the filly's haunches as if he was driving her; and he did drive her for all she was worth, but did not attempt to head her, and they passed under the string going into the second mile in this way, when all of a sudden Harkleroad came along with a burst and passed the leaders, showing in front, which position he held for a short time only, as in the backstretch the champion trailer overhauled him, and from this until the finish the excitement was intense on account of the spirit shown by the filly, for she lapped him until nearing the goal, when, at the distance-stand, a little persuasion urged Little Blue forward, and he went under the string a winner by two lengths in 6:19½; Harkleroad distanced, which was no disgrace, for a gamer little horse never put foot on the turf.

This ended the day's sport; and, although the time was slow, a better contested race had not been seen on Old Metairie for many a day, and everybody left for town perfectly satisfied that each horse did his best.

When Bill Webster reached the St. Charles Hotel, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and sent a note to the old man in Frankfort, Ky., asking him to send on a draft, as he had singularly and unprecedentedly bad luck. In those days there were no telegraphic wires running up the Mississippi, and Bill had to remain a quiet looker-on in New Orleans, and especially around the St. Charles, until in the course of time his dad was good from door to door. Consequently, he was forgiven—may man palliate poor "PIERRE MARCHANT'S CRIME!"

PIERRE MARCHANT'S CRIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY T. W. HANSHEW.

Away! away! Help! Ah! great Heaven, I have been dreaming. I thought the world had discovered my secret, and the populace were howling in my ears: "Pierre Marchant, murderer!" I breathe again; 'tis indeed a relief. Instead of awaking beneath the gaunt shadow of the scaffold, I find myself safe within my own walls, quietly reposing upon my couch, as if no dark crime stained these bony hands. Quietly, did I say? O Heaven! as if there were any quiet in this world for me—as if I could close my eyes for an instant without that white face, those dripping locks, framing themselves in the darkness and mocking me ever. Is it to be thus always? Am I——Ah! 'tis there again! Take it away—away! Sh-h! 'tis gone—down, down, for it fears me. Ha! ha! ha! it fears me!

What say ye—"Mad?" Ah! that is what men say; but I tell you, keeper, I am sane. I am an assassin, yet the hangman's noose rests not on my neck. Aye, true, boy, true; they did find me guilty, but men called me mad, and their word I was sent here. What mockery! Why do I confess my crime to you? Why? Because you are here, alone, in my power, and dare not betray me! Ha! ha! ha! poor old Pierre! Yes, that's it. Old! What will ye say next? Old! Ha! ha! ha! Why, 'twas only yesterday I slew him, yet you try to make me believe 'tis twenty years since then. Ho! ho! ho! fools! fools! We are alone. Come sit beside me, and I will tell you all. Do I not fear you will betray me? Oh, no. I do not fear that, for full well ye know that at the betrayal hour I would tear out your craven heart and rend it piecemeal! Oh, no, you'll not betray me—for you.

'Twas yesterday—my twenty-first birthday—wandering down by the woodland river-side, I threw myself down amid the spears of grass, and strove to think calmly. In vain; my poor, aching brain seemed in a whirl, and a great pain lay heavy at my heart.

Three years before, Monsieur Preseaux—the worthy old man who was our next-door neighbor, and keeper of the inn at the cross-roads, one mile from Paris on the Pampean road—had passed away, and, having no children or relatives, he orphaned Julie, his only daughter, of which he had considerable, should be sold at once. Monsieur Raison, his clerk, complied with his last wishes; and so the little thatched cottage adjoining ours passed into other hands. I don't know when the inmates arrived; but one morning, upon awaking, I found the next garden-plot aged and feeble old man, and beside him a beautiful young girl of about nineteen Summers. It seemed to me I had never before beheld such a vision of loveliness. I soon learned that the name was Julie Laplerre, and that the old man was her grandfather, and only living relative save a scapegrace brother, who had gone away to sea some years ago, and whom the old man detested heartily. It did not take me long to learn how to love this angel of beauty, nor her to reciprocate my passion. I told her that I loved her, and, placing her hand in mine, she said:

"Pierre, I cannot tell you how deeply I do love you, for it is a boundless passion. I will be your wife."

I was overjoyed—so, in fact, was the old man—and it was settled that upon Julie's twenty-first birthday she was to be my bride. I was happy, and my Julie was glad as we wandered, the time passed on. In one year more I was to claim her.

It was a beautiful June morning. Bright-hued flowers bloomed by the river-side, and sweet warblers filled the leafy trees and made the woods resound with their merry music.

"Will you go out on the river, Julie?"

I asked the question, peering into her dark orbs and drinking of their "light o' love." With a sweet smile she answered:

"Yes, Pierre, gladly," and placed her hands in mine.

Pressing a kiss upon her forehead, I led her towards the stream; but the noise of horses attracted our attention to where a horseman, galloping at full speed, turned the curve in the road and came towards us.

"Oh! 'tis Armand returning from Paris," she cried, clapping her hands in delight.

The horseman galloped to us and reined up his steed; then, taking a letter from his doublet, he tossed it to Julie, and, wishing us "Bon jour!" he drove on. I picked up the letter and passed it to Julie, and my eye fell upon the bold chirography gracing the envelope. It was a man's handwriting. Naturally jealous, my mind became inflamed in a moment. Who was he? What did he want? I knew all her male friends, but she had never told me of any in Paris. Oh, how I felt my brain whirl! I *must* know the writer, and, turning to where Julie's eyes were flushed cheeks, she sat reading the letter, I asked:

"Who, may I ask, is your correspondent, Julie?"

Hiding the letter in her bosom, she stammered forth:

"From — from — Henriette De Valdier — my cousin."

My heart stood still. She had lied to me—lied for the first time. It was a man's hand, in the first place, and in

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

PUTTING IN THE VACATION.

So far as theatricals and show-life are concerned, we are now in the dullest part of the year, nearly all the theatres being closed, while managers and performers are taking a much-needed vacation. Herewith we present a tableau of

THE MIDGETS' HOLIDAY.

Although it is the off-season with our show-friends, they are by no means idle. As it is with the midgets in the above tableau, so it is with the majority of all classes. The legitimate actor is studying some new part, the acrobat is practicing a fresh especially which is destined to create a sensation, the variety performer is perfecting a number of novelties never yet introduced to public notice, the dancer, the vocalist, the magician are all deeply intent upon some new scheme, some act, some device, which will probably eclipse all previous exploits. The manager is laying out his plans for the next campaign, getting his people together, assigning them their parts in the new play; and everyone, from lessee and manager to callboy and super, is combining business with pleasure during the professionals' vacation in the heated term. May their high anticipations of the coming season be fully realized.

DANCING WAVELETS.

DEDICATED TO J. J. McDERMOTT BY GEORGE B. PENNOCK.

Dancing wavelets at our feet,
Coming in to you and me;
Over pearly shells they run,
Bringing music from the sea.
How we love the sweet refrain
As we sit in Summer gleam,
Of tiny beat, on pearly shore,
Of laughing waves from ocean's home.

Chorus.
Laughing, dancing wavelets free,
Tiny beats on pearly shore,
Coming in to you and me,
Making music evermore.

Dancing waves round fairy isles,
Laughing as on merry lea,
On fairy shores that hearts beguile,
Rippling wavelets laugh so free.
Oh, what rapture fills our hearts
As we wander long the shore,
Where those dancing wavelets break,
Making music evermore.

Chorus.
Laughing, dancing wavelets free,
Tiny beats on pearly shore,
Coming in to you and me,
Making music evermore.

Birds may skim the crested wave,
Shells may whisper of the sea,
Yet anon will wavelets leave
The pearly shore and sunny lea.
Tides may come and tides may go,
Ships may wander o'er the main
Still, with music sweet and low,
Wavelets breathe the same refrain.

Chorus.
Laughing, dancing wavelets free,
Tiny beats on pearly shore,
Coming in to you and me,
Making music evermore.

Dozbury, Mass.

"THE INVISIBLE PRINCE."

And now we will ring up the curtain and show you Mitchell's Olympic, in this city, on the night of Feb. 1, 1848, when Miss Roberts had a benefit.

MITCHELL'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.
NOTICE.—In future the doors will open at half past six o'clock, and the curtain rise at seven o'clock.
BENEFIT OF MISS ROBERTS.
First night this season of
THE REVOLT OF THE POOR-HOUSE.
Moll Chubb.....Mr. Mitchell
First time this season of the laughable farce of
THE NEW FOOTMAN.
Bobby Breakwindow.... Mr. Holland
TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 1, 1848, to commence with a fairy extravaganza by J. R. Planche, Esq., entitled
THE INVISIBLE PRINCE, OR THE ISLAND OF TRANQUIL DELIGHTS.
New scenery, Mr. Bengough; music arranged by Mr. E. Woolf; machinery —Mr. Burns; new dresses by Mr. Roberts. The piece produced under the direction of Mr. Mitchell.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Don Leander, lineally descended from the native kings of Alaquiz	Miss Mary Taylor
The Infante Furibond, Blousabella's only son, an extraordinary Prince	Mr. Conover
Marquis of Arysidos, major domo	Arnold
Count Palava Torquemora, introducer of embassadors	Clark
Don Moustachez de Harry Barbos, captain of the Guard	Levere
Diego, the gardener	Henry
Ruffiano	Bleecker
Sanguino	Seymour
Xquisitiltepet, Princess of the Island of Tranquil Delights	Miss Roberts
Abricotina, own maid to the Princess of the Island of Tranquil Delights	Phillips
Blousabella, Queen of Allaquiz, a city somewhere on the Spanish main	Mrs. Henry
The Fairy Gentilia	Miss Mealing
Toxalatotit	In waiting on the Princess
Itzaputti	
	E. Barber
	Garvey

Ladies, gentlemen of the Court, Hunters, etc.
PAS DE NATIONS.
MISS PARTINGTON
After which the celebrated burlesque entitled
THE REVOLT OF THE POOR-HOUSE.

Mahomet Muggins, master of the poor-house	Mr. Chapman
Skullcrack, beadle in chief	Clark
Myshoul Shepshanks	Conover
Moll Chubb	Mr. Mitchell

A lust up fishwoman, and commander in chief of the female revolters.

Aramita, betrothed to Skullcrack	Miss M. Taylor
Amelia, her companion	Phillips
Judy	Mrs. Henry
Sally Slack, a pauper	Miss Roberts

Female revolters, policemen, by the ladies and gentlemen of the company.
After which the laughable farce of
THE VIRGINIA MUMMY.

Ginger Blue, an imitation of T. D. Rice, Esq., on this occasion only	Mr. Chanfran
Larry, his servant	Cunningham
Capt. Rifle	Arnold
Old Tramp	Bleecker
Doctor Mandragon	Henry
Mose	Conover
Charles	Levere
Fanny	Mrs. H. Isherwood

After which, for the first time
LA POLKA.
By Miss Mealing and Miss M. Mealing.

Of those who took part in the above-named performances but few remain with us. Miss Roberts is now Mrs. Stoneall, an excellent actress of old-women characters, and was last season in Chicago, Ill. Miss Mary Taylor died here Nov. 10, 1866, after having married W. Oglivie Ewen, and having lived in retirement fourteen years. Mrs. Chanfrau died here in 1851. George J. Arnold died in Cincinnati, O., Nov 20, 1860. Mr. Levere retired from the stage some years ago, and is in business in this city. George Clarke died in this city in 1853. Wm. Henry is dead. Sylvester Bleecker is traveling with the Tom Thumb Combination. James Seymour died in this city Sept. 22, 1864. Miss Matilda Phillips is now Mrs. J. H. Stoddart, and is in retirement. Mrs. Henry is in retirement in this city. Miss Partington is still before the public. Peter C. Cunningham died in Australia some years ago. William Mitchell, the manager, died here May 12, 1856. F. S. Chanfrau is before the public as an attractive star. Mrs. H. Isherwood died here about 1851. George Holland, whose obsequies gave the title of "The Little Church Around the Corner" to the Church of the Transfiguration in this city, died here Dec. 20, 1870.

MISS ROBERTS AND MISS MARY TAYLOR IN "THE INVISIBLE PRINCE."

The entertainment will conclude with the farce of
THE NEW FOOTMAN.

Bobby Breakwindow	Mr. Holland
Capsicum	Cunningham
Henry Gordon	Levere
Polly Pienic	Mrs. Henry
Mrs. Sourcrout	Mrs. Henry

The box-office is open daily from 10 till 4 o'clock, where seats and private boxes may be secured, on application to Mr. Tryon, of whom, also, may be obtained a limited number of season tickets.
Dress-circle, 50 cents; Upper-boxes, 25 cents; Pit, one shilling; Private boxes, $5; Orchestra boxes, $3.

REFRAIN—"GWINE UP MIGHTY SLOW."

DEDICATED TO THE JUBILEE SINGERS BY DEN E——T.

Three little niggers with their hair in papers—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Sitting on de grass, enttin' lots of capers—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Big, fat mammy come out with a strap—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Every one of them turned a new flip-flap—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow.

Chorus.
O sisters! come along;
O brothers! come along;
O children! come along,
To the land up so high, sky high.

Little nigger wench sittin' on de bench—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Teacher come along, tried to teach her French—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Fell off her seat and commenced for to cry—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
What a hard time she'll have by-and-bye—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow.

Chorus.
O sisters! come along;
O brothers! come along;
O children! come along,
To the land up so high, sky high.

Old nigger man a-playin in the band—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Thumpin' the drum with his big black hand—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Captain come along an' hit him on the wrist—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow;
Nigger jumped back an' struck him with his fist—
Gwine up to glory mighty slow.

Chorus.
O sisters! come along;
O brothers! come along;
O children! come along,
To the land up so high, sky high.

Philadelphia, July, '77.

MISS EUGENIE DOLORES,
THE GREAT JUBILEE VOCALIST.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE, LONDON, ENG., IN 1788.

The following is a copy of one of the earliest advertisements of the amusement:

This evening will be presented at
ASTLEY'S
an entirely new pantomimic dance entitled
THE HUMORS OF GIL BLAS
(A Parody),
as performed with applause at the Theatres on the boulevards, Paris:

Gil Blas	Mr. Jenkins
His Father	Mr. Henley
Uncle	Mr. Lonsdale
Servant	Mr. Bell
Flash, the Spaniard	Mr. Ferrere
Mungo, his servant	Master Collet
Doctor	Mr. Fox
Maria (fat cook)	Mr. Connell

The rest of the banditti by the remainder of the company.
Dancers—Mons. Vermigli, Mme. Ferrere and Mlle. Meniere.
To conclude with A SPANISH FAIR,
in which will be introduced a multiplicity of Drolls, Shews, etc., with a surprisingly Real Gigantic Spanish Pig, measuring from head to tail twelve feet, and twelve hands high, weighing twelve cwt., which will be rode by a monkey.
HORSEMANSHIP
by YOUNG ASTLEY and other capital performers.

A musical piece called
THE DIAMOND RING, OR THE JEW OUTWITTED.

Israel	Mr. De Castro	Maid	Mrs. Wallack
Harry	Mr. Millard	Lucy	Feignlove
Feignlove	Mr. Fox		Mrs. Henley

TUMBLING
by Mr. Lonsdale, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Bell, Master Crossman, Master Jenkinson, Master Collet and others.
A favorite dance, composed by Mons. Vermigli (*Ecuyer d'Opera*), called THE SPORTS OF THE VILLAGE.
A musical piece called
THE BLACK AND WHITE MILLINERS.

Tiffany	Mr. Connell	Sprightly	Mr. Johannot
Myrtle	Mr. Wallack	Nancy	Mrs. Wallack
Timewell	Mr. Miller	Fanny	Mrs. Wigley
Doctor Spruce	Mr. Fox	Mrs. Tiffany	Mrs. Henley

The whole to conclude with a pantomime called
THE MAGIC WORLD.
in which will be introduced behind a large transparent painting, representing the enchanted world, a variety of magical, pantomimical, farcical, tragical, comic decorations, together with a grand procession of caricature figures, displaying a variety of whimsical devices, with the emblems of the inhabitants of the four quarters of the globe, in a manner entirely new.
To finish with THE GIBRALTAR CHARGER, surrounded by a chain of fire.

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XXVII.

CASTS WHENCE SPRANG NOBILITY.

Last week we incidentally made use of the name of Miss O'Neill. From among several bills kindly furnished us by Mr. G. P. Fisher of Boston, we select one that announces that lady's first appearance in London. But it is not alone for this reason that we single it out. It embraces the names of two other ladies who were subsequently enrolled among the nobility. It is furthermore remarkable as embracing a number of performers who attained to great age. As to many of those who figured in the two casts, we are of course without data. These may all have lived to an age as great as the average of those of whom we have record, and the youngest of whom committed suicide.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,
THIS PRESENT THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1814,
will be acted Shakespeare's tragedy of
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Prince Escalus		Friar Lawrence	Mr. Murray
	Mr. Claremont	Friar John	Mr. Howell
Paris	Mr. Hamerton	Apothecary	Mr. Treby
Montague	Mr. Creswell	Page	Master Chapman
Capulet	Mr. Egerton	Balthasar	Mr. Duruset
Romeo	Mr. Conway	Abraham	Mr. Serjant
Mercutio	Mr. Jones	Samson	Mr. Atkins
Benvolio	Mr. Jefferies	Gregory	Mr. Crumpton
Tybalt	Mr. Barrymore	Peter	Mr. Simmons
Lady Capulet			Mrs. Renaud
Juliet			Miss O'Neill

(Of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, being her first appearance in London).

Nurse	Mrs. Davenport

IN ACT I—A MASQUERADE AND DANCE.
INCIDENTAL TO THE PLAY.
IN ACT IV.—The funeral procession of Juliet, and a solemn dirge. The vocal parts by Miss Broadhurst, J. Brown, Everard, Lee, Linton, Montague, Norris, Taylor, J. Taylor, Tett, S. Tett, Tinney, Watson, Williams, Mesdames Bishop, Bologna, Bristow, Carew, Coates, Corri, Davies, Emery, Findlay, Grimaldi, Heath, Hiff, Lefevre, Liston, Logan, Louis, Matthews, Ryall, Sexton, Standen, Watts, Whitmore.
To which will be added, for the fourth time, a new melodrama, in three acts, founded on a historical fact, called THE FOREST OF BONDY, OR THE DOG OF MONTARGIS.
The overture and the whole of the music composed by Mr. Bishop. The scenery painted by Messrs. Phillips, Whitmore, Pugh, and their assistants; the machinery by Mr. Saul; the decorations by Mr. Bradwell; the dresses by Mr. Flower and Miss Egan; the action arranged by Mr. Farley.

Colonel Gontram	Mr. Barrymore
Capt. Aubri	Mr. Abbott
Lieut. Macaire	Mr. Farley
Lieut. Landry	Mr. Hamerton
The Seneschal of Bondy	Mr. Egerton
Florio (a dumb orphan)	Miss S. Booth
Blaise	Mr. Liston
Enslen	Mr. Duruset
Sergeant	Mr. Howell
Soldiers, Messrs. Baker, Batt, Cardozo, Griffiths, Thurston	
Villagers, Messrs. Brown, Goodwin, Grant, Heath, Lewis, Platt, Powers, Serjant, Yarnold	
Dame Gertrude	Mrs. Sparkes
Annette	Mrs. Norman
Louise	Miss West
Lucille	Miss Foote

Peasants of Bondy, Mesdames Bologna, Boyce, Bradwell, Heath, Louis, Ryall, Sexton, Standen, Watts.
IN ACT I.—A Pastoral Pas de Deux by Mons. Sosmans and Mrs. Parker.
A Private Box may be had nightly on application to Mr. Brandon at the Box-office. Vivat Rex and Regina.
E. Meredith, Printer, 2 Bow street, London.
The new melodrama called
THE FOREST OF BONDY, OR THE DOG OF MONTARGIS, continuing to be honored throughout with unanimous approbation and applause, will be repeated every evening till further notice.
To-morrow, Shakespeare's comedy of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
On Monday, one of Shakespeare's tragedies.
On Tuesday, the comick opera of "Love in a Village."
Miss Stevenson, Miss Broadhurst, Miss Stephens, the University Boys, or the Longwoods.

Avoiding complications the unraveling of which would take up more space than we can now spare, suffice it to say that the musical Bristows, represented by at least two persons among the chorus of "Romeo and Juliet," intermarried with the family of old and young Joe Grimaldi, the pantomimists, as well as with the family of old and young John Bologna, also pantomimists, the wife of John Bologna Jr. being the sister of the second wife of old Joe Grimaldi. Miss Broadhurst, whose name heads the chorus, was doubtless a sister of the very pretty Miss Williamina Broadhurst, who died May 28, 1869, aged 82. The Mrs. Bishop who leads the ladies in the chorus was formerly Miss Lyon. She bore her husband three children, and in 1831 he married Miss Anna Riviere, who is still before the public as a vocalist. This husband, unfortunate as to both marriages, and who figures in the bill as the composer of the music of the afterpiece, was constructively ennobled by knighthood in 1842, and will be remembered as Sir Henry Bishop, who died on April 30, 1855, aged 69. The only other familiar name among the choristers is that of Corri. This was doubtless the elder Haydn Corri, afterwards conspicuous as leader and composer, and who died in Dublin, Feb. 19, 1860, aged 75. Mrs. D. C. Anderson of San Francisco can doubtless enlighten us as to whether or not the Mrs. Everard mentioned was related to the one who was long connected with the original National Theatre in this city.

The Romeo of the bill was William Augustus Conway, born in 1789, educated for the law, diverted from it to the stage, forced from the higher grade of the latter to the position of prompter by a bitter personal criticism penned by Theodere Hook, and eventually driven by his sensitive nature to America, where, off Charleston (S. C.) bar, he threw himself from the vessel which had taken him from this city. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1809, at Chester, Eng., as Zanga in "Revenge," his first in London at Covent Garden, Oct. 4, 1814, as Alexander the Great; and his first in America at the Park Theatre, Jan. 12, 1824, as Hamlet. Prior to appearing at Covent Garden with Miss O'Neill, he had supported her in Dublin and elsewhere, and conceived for her a passionate love that met with no favor in her eyes. He died, as already stated, in 1828, aged 39.

The Tybalt of the bill was the father of the Wm. Barrymore who, with his wife, came to America in 1831 and died here about 1845. The elder Barrymore was 72 when he died. Richard Jones, a favorite Highlandman, died in England, Aug. 29, 1851, aged 73. Charles Murray (Friar Laurence) died in 1821, aged 87. He was the son of Sir John Murray of Broughton, who was secretary to the Pretender, was active in the Rebellion of 1745, and was convicted of high treason, but pardoned. The daughter of Charles Murray, it may be added, married Henry Siddons, son of Sarah Siddons. "Little" Simmons, who played Peter, died in 1819, but we have no record of his age. He had achieved a high reputation as an exponent of characters conspicuous for the brevity of their stature. Daniel Egerton (Capulet) died July 22, 1835, aged 64. He was the husband of Mrs. Egerton, famous as Meg Merrilies before the days of Charlotte Cushman, and whose daughters were until recently, if they are not now, on the English stage. She died Aug. 3, 1847, aged 66. Coming to London as an infant, under Mr. Miles' wing, and playing Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquor," Mrs. Davenport on Sept. 24, 1794, made her metropolitan debut at Covent-garden, where she continued to act for thirty-six years, making her final appearance, and taking her last and only benedt in London, in the character for which we find her the cast first in this bill. She died May 9, 1843, aged 84. Her husband was a scrupulously careful actor, characters of a dry, caustic nature being his specialty. He was at Covent-garden for a number of years in the beginning of the present century; and it is recorded of him as a sensitiveness was wont to find expression, when the care he had bestowed upon his lines did not meet with the recognition of ready applause, in the severe query: "What do the people want? Always clean always perfect! Shirt washed to-day, and wig combed not more than four times!" Charlemont (Prince Escalus) was a professional name only, and we can only guess at the advanced age of its user, forty years having elapsed between his first appearance on the stage and his death. Crumpton is probably a misprint for Crampton, the father of the late American actress Charlotte Crampton.

We shall now take our leave of "Romeo and Juliet" with a brief sketch of Lady Becher (Miss Eliza O'Neill), who died in Mallony, Eng., about Oct. 29, 1872 (Oct. 28, 29, 30, have also been given as the date). She was the daughter of John O'Neill by his marriage with Miss Featherstone. He was the proprietor of an itinerent company in Ireland, and with them she as a child made her debut at Drogheda, as the Duke of York to her father's Richard III. Her musical talents developed on the piano. Her part of Blanche of Devan in "The Lady of the Lake," while her tragic genius was early developed in "Adelaide, or the Emigrants," written for her by Richard Lalor Shiel. Her great successes, after she had become the successor of Mrs. Siddons and had wedded Mr. George Barley (the latter of whom was Mrs. Siddons' substitute after her retirement, rather than her successor), were as Juliet, Belvidera, Mrs. Haller, Mrs. Beverley, and Monimia. She was of medium height and fair complexion, had features of Grecian mould, a voice exquisitively soft, flexible, and melodious, and every personal charm, and was, withal, a master of pathos. A sad passage in the life of Mrs. Siddons is that she used to complain of being forgotten because of Miss O'Neill; and when reading the praises lavished upon the younger woman's pathos she would querulously ask: "Do people think I never drew a tear?" Being tempted to reappear upon the stage for the purpose of regaining the prestige she had lost through the advent of Miss O'Neill, she was pierced to the heart by the publication of gross and ill-natured caricatures depicting her now overmatured and ponderous form with the symmetrical one of her youthful successor. Miss O'Neill came on the stage was but brief. She last appeared in London on July 13, 1819, as Mrs. Haller; and Dec. 18, 1819, after a few provincial engagements, she was wedded to William Wrixon Becher, M. P. for Mallony, who, on the death of his uncle, in 1831, succeeded to the very ancient baronetcy. He died in 1850. Her marriage was the basis for the following stanza, the Ball mentioned therein being a wealthy gentleman, generally spoken of as "Golden Ball," who married the beautiful Spanish dancer whose name closes the lines. "Three wounds" refers to the marriage of Miss Farren with the Earl of Derby, of Miss Brunton with the Earl of Craven, of Miss Searle with Heathcote, and of Miss Bolton with Lord Thurlow.

Those wounds some substitute might heal;
But what bold mortal bade O'Neill
Renounce her tragic station?.....
Stunned like a skater by a fall,
I saw with unconcern Hughes Ball
Elope with Mercandotte.

The drama of "The Forest of Bondy," then a novelty in England, has since been rendered familiar to playgoers in this country by Mrs. Blanchard, three Coneys, a Webb, an E. F. Taylor, and a Warwick. The Capt. Aubri at Covent Garden was William Abbott, husband of the Mrs. Abbott whom New York playgoers so loved. He made his American debut Sept. 28, 1835, at the Park Theatre, this city, as Beverley in "The Gamester," and died here June 7, 1843, aged 53. Charles Farley was a noted arranger of pantomimes, and died Jan. 28, 1859, aged 87. John Liston, not the least of whose renown is that on June 9, 1818, at Covent Garden, he delivered an epilogue while mounted on the back of an ass, died March 23, 1846, aged 69. Miss Sarah Booth died Dec. 30, 1867, aged 75, having made her last appearance on the stage in 1841, at the Marylebone Theatre, London. Mrs. Norman was the wife of the pantomimist R. Norman, who died Sept. 16, 1858, aged 70; and Miss West was a sister of the actor William West, whose widow (herself a noted actress, and related to the celebrated Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. Leman Rede, George Frederick Cooke, and the late James O'Neal Cooke of THE CLIPPER staff) died Dec. 30, 1876, aged 86. The Lucille was Miss Maria Foote, daughter of Samuel T. Foote, and a descendant of the great dramatist Samuel Foote. She was born at Plymouth, Eng., in June, 1796, and there in July, 1810, when twelve years of age, made her debut as Juliet, at her father's theatre. She made her first London bow at Covent-garden in 1814, as Amanthis in "The Child of Nature." In April, 1831, she was married to Charles, fourth Earl of Harrington, who died in 1851, leaving by her a daughter, Lady Jane St. Maur Blanche, who married the Earl of Mount Charles. The Countess of Harrington died in London on Dec. 27 or 28, 1867, of bronchitis, at the age of 69.

The Miss Stephens who was underlined for Rosetta was born in 1794, and first attracted attention in 1812 as a vocalist. She became Countess of Essex. The appended lines as to her marriage dovetail with those as to O'Neill's and Mercandotte's:

Last of this dear, delightful list,
Most followed, wondered at, and missed
In Hymen's odds and evens,
Old Essex caged our nightingale,
And finished thy theatric tale,
Enchanting Kitty Stephens.

She was married to the Earl on April 14, 1838, and on April 23, 1839, he died without issue, and was succeeded by his nephew, Arthur Algernon.

"THE LADY OF LYONS."—As an appendix to the original bill of this play, published last week, two interesting letters—one from Wm. Davidge Sr., the comedian, and the other from J. S. Lee—will appear in our next. Meantime someone may enlighten us as to Messrs. Cresswell and Hamerton, and Mrs. Renaud, at Covent-garden in 1814.

CRICKET.

TOUR OF THE LONGWOOD OF BOSTON.

A feature of the present cricket season has been the number of visits made to the metropolis by cricket organizations composed mainly of young American cricketers, who drop in to see our metropolitan clubs for the purpose of obtaining some good lessons in a practical knowledge of the game. It is all very good to read up cricket books, and to get well posted in the rules and in a theoretical knowledge of the game; but there is nothing like watching good play in the field, and learning the points of the game in matches, for training up young cricketers in the way they should handle the bat, field the ball, and bowl down the wickets. This fact such clubs as the St. Paul's of Concord, N. H., the University of Pennsylvania, and the Longwoods of Boston have this season fully realized, and they have learnt more cricket in one or two days from the games they have played here than they had previously acquired in a whole season's play.

We have noticed that, on occasions of just such visits as those above referred to made in previous seasons, there has been a tendency to ignore the fact that the visiting clubs came on here for instruction, and the result has been that too strong elevens have been placed against them, and, as a consequence, half the benefit of the matches upon cricket in general has been lost. This season a more liberal arrangement has prevailed, and the result is that some of the young clubs have returned home encouraged by victories won as to give their clubs a new lease of life. What matters it to a club like the St. George of this city, for instance, who, when they put forth their full strength, can take even such elevens as the Young Americas into camp, whether they put an eleven into the field for a young club to beat or not. The mere winning of a match should be lost sight of in such a case in the advantage the success of a young visiting team is to the general progress of cricket throughout the country. This is the proper view to take of all such matches as those with the St. Pauls' students, the University boys, or the Longwood gentlemen. Let them win a game or two. It will do you no harm whatever, while it will be of immense advantage to the young club. Let this fact be remembered when these clubs or any other party of young cricketers again pay our city a visit. The clubs as the Young Americas, Germantowns, Merions, Peninsular, Montreal and Ottawa come on here, "go for them," and give it to them right and left; but let up on the young fellows, and give them a chance, and when they grow up to be big clubs you can whip them to your heart's content. We were much pleased with the lively and gentlemanly youths from St. Paul's, as also with the collegians from Pennsylvania; but really it would be difficult to send us a nicer party of gentlemanly amateur cricketers than those composing the Longwood Club delegation, which visited us this past week. Before they arrived in New York they stopped

AT FALL RIVER,

where they played the Fall River Club, the most prominent of the five or six cricket clubs which exist in that busy manufacturing city of the East. In this contest the Boston players seem to have been somewhat overmatched. In the first inning the Fall Rivers led by 71 to 67. Not much of a lead, to be sure, but it proved to be sufficient to win. In this inning Lever led the score with 15, Marsden contributing 10. On the other side Longwood's 67 included a good 19 by Tyler and a dozen each by "Jones" and Walker. The Fall Rivers did the best fielding, as the score of extras shows. In the second inning the home team were disposed of for 43 only, of which Wilson's 13 was the only double-figure score, the 20 extras showing rather inaccurate bowling and not the best of fielding. This left the Longwoods less than fifty to get to win; but eight wickets had fallen for 29 only when stumps were drawn, the contest being decided in favor of the Fall-river eleven by the score of the first inning.

Fall River.	First Inning.	Second Inning.
Nightingale b Jones	3	c. Hubbard b. Jones
Abbott, run out	0	b. Jones
Maden c. Jones b. Farley	10	b. Farley
Fawcett c. Train b. Jones	4	c. and b. Farley
Lever b. Farley	15	b. Farley
Walters b. Jones	3	c. Button b. Jones
Wilson b. Jones	3	b. Hubbard
Burgess b. Jones	2	not out
Dewh'st c. Tyler b. Jones	6	b. Rixer
Borden b. Farley	6	c. Tyler b. Hubbard
Wood, not out	0	b. Farley
Byes, 4; l. b., 5; wides, 10	19	Byes, 3; wides, 16; n. b., 1
Total	71	Total

Longwood.	First Inning.	Second Inning.
Train b. Lever	0	c. and b. Lever
Jones b. Lever	12	b. Lever
Mixer c. Abbott b. Lever	0	b. Lever
Farley b. Abbott	8	c. Walters b. Lever
Walker c. Burgess b. Lever	12	c. Beshurst b. Abbott
Tyler, run out	19	c. Burgess b. Lever
Hubbard b. Abbott	0	b. Walters
Fay b. Lever	0	not out
Dutton hit wicket b. Walters	7	c. Wood b. Lever
Shaw, not out	6	
Pickering c. Walters b. Lever	0	not out
Byes, 1; l. b., 1; wide, 1	3	leg bye, 1; wide, 1
Total	67	Total

FALL OF WICKETS.

FALL RIVER.										
First Inning	1	9	17	23	46	46	50	60	67	71—71
Second Inning	11	2	3	11	21	27	37	42	43	43—43
LONGWOOD.										
First Inning	11	13	14	33	39	39	40	57	66	67—67
Second Inning	1	4	5	10	20	21	21	21	21	21—21

On Monday, July 16, the Longwoods played

AT STATEN ISLAND

with an eleven of the Island Club, the latter not playing their professional, but they had in Whetham—the St. George wicket-keeper and crack bat—also Jones, the swift bowler of the St. George Club, who both belong also to the Staten Island Club. These, with Messrs. Donald, Stevens, Crossley, Moore, Jarvis, Sprague, and other good players, however, made up a very good eleven—one, by the way, which it was a feather in the cap of the Longwoods to defeat, even if it was only the first eleven of the club. In this game the visitors faced the "terrific" bowling of Jones, whose great pace is his forte, and he holds it steadily. They managed to play it, however, better than they did the good-length balls from Stevens, who took the best wickets. In the first inning they Longwoods took the lead by a score of 77 to 69, G. Moore—a fine batsman out of practice—and Donald leading at the bat on the Island side, while Farley, Walker and Kimball were off the palm on the other side. Tyler showed a good defense against the onslaughts of Jones, who in this game got in two or three good length-balls—something not characteristic of his bowling, for a more uncertain pitch is seldom seen than that which marks his delivery.

In the second inning the Island team was well got rid of for 62, Whetham and Stevens leading the scores. This left the Americans 52 to get to win, and they went in pretty sanguine of success. At first the wickets fell rapidly, the second going down for 1 run only. But then Walker and Tyler made a good stand, and the score was run up to 30, when Walker was bowled for 15. Then Farley and Tyler joined forces, and before they could be parted the game had been won, Farley making a three-hit, which put the finishing touch to the match. The visiting team did not show up well in Staten Island, chiefly for the failure of their batting, they being very slow in this essential of good cricket. They could easily have run up twenty or thirty byes, and on hits for two they no frequently only made one run. This was the weak point of their play.

Staten Island.	First Inning.	Second Inning.
Jones b. Farley	7	c. and b. Lyon
Moore b. Farley	14	c. Dutton b. Farley
Whetham b. Farley	0	c. Lyon
Donald b. Lyon	15	b. Farley
Stevens c. Tyler b. Lyon	4	b. Farley
Crossley c. Mixer	10	c. Farley b. Lyon
Dodge b. Farley	0	b. Lyon
Peters b. Farley	0	b. Lyon
Haughton b. Lyon	0	c. Mixer b. Lyon
Jarvis c. Jones b. Lyon	0	c. Hubbard b. Lyon
Sprague, not out	0	not out
Byes, 4; l. b., 2; w., 7	13	Leg b., 1; w., 12; n. b., 2
Total	66	Total

Longwood.	First Inning.	Second Inning.
Jones b. Jones	11	b. Jones
Fay b. Jones	3	b. Jones
Tyler b. Jones	3	not out
Walker c. Farvis b. Stevens	17	b. Jones
Farley c. Whetham b. Jones	20	not out
Hubbard b. Stevens	8	
Mixer b. Jones	0	
Dutton b. Stevens	2	
Lyon c. Crossley b. Stevens	1	
Train, not out	6	
Pickering b. Stevens	0	
Byes, 2; l. b., 2; wides, 2	6	Byes, 8; l. b., 1; n. b., 1
Total	77	Total

FALL OF WICKETS.

STATEN ISLAND SECOND ELEVEN.										
First Inning	10	22	48	58	60	65	65	66	66	66—66
Second Inning	23	24	43	45	50	50	60	62	62	62—62
LONGWOOD.										
First Inning	10	18	23	35	50	56	66	66	73	77—77
Second Inning	0	1	30	52						—52

Umpires, Messrs. Kearney and Brewster. Time, 7h. 25m.

BOWLING SCORE.

LONGWOOD—First Inning.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	Balls.
Jones	48	15	2	0	3	
Farley	84	27	5	5	2	
Lyon	40	11	1	5	2	
Second Inning.						
Farley	84	30	5	3	5	2
Jones	18	6	0	0	6	
Lyon	45	21	2	6	1	
STATEN ISLAND—First Inning.						
Donald	2	1	0	0	1	
Sprague	102	27	6	0	0	
Second Inning.						
Jones	114	30	7	5	0	
Stevens	64	12	4	5	1	

The last game of the series the Longwoods played on their tour was that which took place July 17

AT HOBOKEN,

when they met a strong eleven of the St. George Club, consisting of Messrs. Whitham, F. Moore, Kearney, Moeran, Marsh (captain), Mostyn, Watson—a new player—Gracie, Saltchwaite, and Dr. McDonald. It was in this game that the young players of the Longwood Club learnt more of cricket in two hours than they had for a year before," as one of them remarked after the game was over. Play began near noon, with the Longwoods at the bat. A very fine wicket was prepared for the contest—the best, in fact, the Longwoods have played on this season. The weather was excessively warm, the thermometer ranging in the nineties, but the clouds obscured the sun's rays and made it a good day for cricket. The American players went to the bat first, and they calculated upon getting a score (sixty or seventy runs at least); but it soon became evident that if they got half that number they would do well.

Not only was the bowling straight and well on the wickets, but it was of a very troublesome length, especially damaging to the style of batting the Longwoods indulged in in this game, they failing to do any good batting, with one or two exceptions, and the result was a rapid fall of wickets, with but a small show in scoring, the best score of their innings being Farley's 7, of which one hit to square-leg yielded 6 runs. Tyler was in half an hour for half a dozen runs only, and Mixer carried his bat out for 4; but the others played very tamely indeed, the result being that their tenth wicket fell for the small total of 26. Moeran and Gilles did the bowling, the former taking seven wickets for 13 runs only. The only catch made was by Gracie, who kept wicket well. Whetham's fielding at "point" was excellent, and Moore's long-stopping good, not a bye being scored. At 12.45 P. M. the St. George sent in Moore and Moeran to the bowling of Farley and Jones, to pull off the score without the loss of a wicket, and they scored 16 of the 26, when a heavy shower of rain caused a suspension of play until 5 P. M., when the game was resumed under very disadvantageous circumstances, inasmuch as the field was soaked with water, and the ball was in a condition which rendered it difficult to hold. The first ball from Farley was caught by Hubbard off Moeran's bat; after which Whetham and Moore ran the score up to 87 before they were parted, Moore scoring 33, when he was run out. Kearney then joined Whetham, and these two remained in up to the time for drawing stumps, Whetham contributing a splendidly obtained 67 and Kearney 10, leaving the score at 130, with but two wickets down. Before the rain stopped, there was some talk of playing a return game the next day; but the way Whetham, Moore and Kearney collared the Longwood bowling dash and the ardor of the

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, July 23.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, Martha
Allen, Georgie (of Slavin's Co.)
Arnott, Jennie
Allen, Georgie & Blande, Edith
Beaumont, Nellie
Bateman or Billy Noonan, Alice
Barry, Virginia E.
Coventry, Julia
Clark, Maggie (fat woman)
Casell, Fannie (2)
Constantine, Eve line
Cawthorne, Mrs. S. E.
Clair Sisters (gymnasts)
Chapman, Mrs. Harry
Clifton, Blanche (2)
Centre, Nellie
Dixon, Blanche
Doris, Mrs. Fannie
Durrell, Barrie
Delehanty, Mrs. W. H.
Fox, Annie (2)
French, Annie
Fitzgerald, Alice of May Fisk's Co.)
Foy Sisters,
Forrest, Kittie (vocalist) 21c.

Fontainbleau, Blanche
Guy, Mamie (of Guy Family)
Graham, Tillie
George, Mrs. Frank
Grady, Ella
Gangain, Marie
Hawthorne, May
Hallett, Grace
Hearne, Addie
Hazelton, Alice
Herbert, Emilie
Johns, Effie
Kimberley, Bessie
Leon, Nellie (of Leon Family)
Lindley, Jennie
Laiscelle, Mad. Lyman
Le Roy, Kittie
Lawrence, Mrs. Jas.
Leonard, Mrs. Nellie
Leslie, Mrs. David
Livingston, Mrs. A
Lanormand, Lu-lu "Little Alright"
Miranda Sisters
Macarte, Madam
McGowan, Alice
McDonald, Addie (with "Rom. Hip.")
Markley, Edna
Mason, Sallie

Mitchell, Maggie
Maddern, Mary
Montford, Mrs. Annie L.
Misco, Mrs. Jennie
Oates, Mrs. Alice
Palladino, Emma
Phillips, Amy
Richings, Mrs. Caroline
Rush, Cecile
Robinson, Nellie (of Robinson & Minst.)
Renfrow, Mrs. J. N.
Ransom, Alice
Rainford, Alice
Randal, Adelaide
Shanley, Josie (2)
Sutherland, Agnes
St. Felix, Mad.
Stanley, Clara
St. Ledger, Minnie
Sidney, Belle (of Holman's Co.)
Sanford, Kittie
Thomsons, Hilda
Thompson, Fannie
Vickers, Mattie
Van Dyke, Imogene
White, Tracy
Wyndham, Alice
West, Mrs. C. (of Soldene's Co.)
Webb, Mrs. A.
Wood, Carrie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allen, Wm.
Adams, Thos. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Arnold, W. (of Arnold Bros.)
Atkinson, Mr. (of O'Brien's Cir.)
Adams, (comed.)
Austin, M.
Atkins, C. M.
Abbey & Schoeffel, H. E.
Ames, Emile
Adams & Arnold, W. H.
Adams, Edward
Bigbee, Frank
Bagley, Wm.
Butler, "Bob"
Berger, Fred.
Butler, Robt. (pantomimist)
Boyd, Clarance
Birch, Mr. (of San Fran. Minst.)
Buchanan, R. (of Plunkett's Cir.)
Bosworth, Frank
Banks, C. L.
Barlow, W. G. (2)
Bennett, Harry
Bainbridge, C. D.
Brickwood, "Charlie"
Banett, Ed. (comed.)
Boun, W. (late of McGillSkinny's Co.)
Brown, Col. T. A.
Blanchard, H. W.
Brewster & Watson
Brown, F. A. (of JaneCoomb's Co.)
Boyd, C. (of N. O. Minst.)
Bourn, Wm.
Brennan, R.
Belding, W. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Blitz, Francois R.
Bush, F. (of Shee Bell's Agent, Prof.
Bisbee, Frank
Conway, "Neil"
Cohan, George
Cardella, C. (of "Pacific" Cir.)
Cole's Circus, Manager of
Creed, M.
Cobb, Willis
Cook, Ed.
Crane & Sullivan
Clark, "Burt"
Curtis, W. D. (circus "biz")
Calman & Wells
Cotton, (Ben "biz")
Cristhy, "Johnny" (Irish "biz")
Carlisle & Caverly
Carleton, W. T.
Carlton, Wm. (Irish "biz")
Clapp, "Lew"
Campbell, Frank G.
Charvat, Jno.
Crosby, Wm.
Clifford, Wm.
Cassidy, F. Hartley
Clarke, J. W. (banjo-maker)
Dorr, Howard
De Forrest, H. F. (2)
De Rand, J. M.
Damann, Chas.
De Haven, Claude (4)
Dix, "Ben"
Davis, J. Chas.
Devonear, Peter
Doris, H. (of Lon don Cir.)
Davey, T. W.
Dupree, C. H. (4)
Duffey, "Will"
Diamond, Chas.
Donnelly, D. H. (of Europ. Cir.)
Delaney, (of Georgia Minst.)
Emery, "Will"
Edgerly, "Lanty"
Emerald & Clark (2) Hic.
Emidy, Richd.
Evitro, Sig.
Edgell & Eldridge
Ferris, W. H.
Fuesman, Geo.
Fletcher, Walter
Ferguson, R. V.
Fiffe, "Charlie"
Fabra, Sig.
Franklin, W. E. (2)
Fitzgerald, A. D.
Forrest, "Billy"
Francis, Geo. (gymnast)
Frohman, Danl.
Flagg, N. E.
Filber, Louis

Goss & Fox
Gilfoil, "Ben"
Griffin & Rice
Grover, Leonard
Griffin, T. F.
George, Frank
Grossie, Mons. (of Boylston Muse.)
Goodrich, E. T.
Griffin, Master
Granger, T. (song-and-dance)
Goroux, Emile
Guy, Geo. (of Guy Family)
Husener, Geo. F.
Howorth, John
Hall, Chas. A.
Hall, F. C.
Hennessey, F. (of "Royal Jape" Co.)
Hallock, T. E.
Haverly, J. H.
Harris, L. W.
Hall, Chas. A.
Healy & Conway
Harris, F. D.
Harris, W. C.
Hamilton, "Wiley"
Hague, Jno. W. (2)
Hall, T. A. (manager)
Hanjen & Griffin (2)
Hayden, Wm.
Howard, Rollin
Holdaway, Mrs. A.
Howes' Cir., Manager of
Hanley, W. M.
Hennessey, J. (of Hennessey Bros.' circus props.)
Hess, K.
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Henshaw & Fox
Hetzler, T. M.
Irwin, Selden
Jefferson, Jos.
Jimonski (of Shehan & Jones)
Johnson, G. H.
Jones, "Frank"
"Black Hand")
Johnson, L. (of Jubilee Co.) (2)
Johnson, Geo.
James, Geo. T.
Kelly & Leon
Kernan, James
Kearney, Mr.
Kent, Frank
Kendall, H. A.
Kent, Fred. L.
Keating & Sands
Kendrick, Frank (2)
Kelly, E. (of Kelly & Leon)
Kelly & Wilson, (of Katie Putnam's Co.)
Lawson, Mr. (of Soldene's Co.)
Leopold, Geo.
Lyle, W. E.
Lloyd, Wm.
Lawton, Alf.
Leland, "Matt"
Leicelle, J. Newman
Luby, C. G. (2)
Long, R. L.
Lee, H. A.
Lawrence, Walter S.
Maxwell, Jno. C.
Morris, "Tommy"
Mason, Chas.
McCarthy, C. (of Hickey & McCarthy)
Murphy, J. (of Murphy & Mack)
Murray, J. H. (circus prop.)
Mackley, F. J.
Murphy, Jos. (Irish comed.)
McMahon, J. (of "Barnum's Hip.")
Mulligan & Morris
Mitchell, Jno. C.
Maffitt, J. J.
Morse, F. B.
Morrissey, "Johnny"
Howe's Cir.)
Miller, H. (of Haverly's Minst.)
McGladdery, Owen
McIntosh, J.
Callender's Minst.)
Morris, "Lew"
Morrison, Lewis (2)
Morton, Jno. W.
Martin, "Sam"
Maffit, Jas. S.
Moulton, Frank (gymnast)
MacKvoy, Chas.
Mason, F. E. Hic.
Montanio, Sig.
Mackinson, Noah
Mace, T. E.

Nicholls, R. Hamilton
Orrin Bros
O'Brien's Circus, Manager of
O'Keefe, W. (comed.)
Oaks, "Dave"
O'Brien, J. (circus prop.)
Pearl, C. C.
Primrose, G. H.
Preston, Louis
Petrie & Fish
Pelanto, Mr.
Presley & Healy
Porter, B. C. (2)
Perkins, Jas.
Peyser, Phil
Parento, Henry
Parker, Prof. H. M.
Perkins, Jas. (2)
Washington, D.C.)
Queen, Charlie
Rohinson, Harry (3)
Ryan, J. J. (of "N.Y. 3. Circus")
Ryan, M. (of "N. Y. Circus")
Rothwell, T. G.
Robinson's Circus, Manager of
Richmond, H. G.
Reiley, C. B. (musician)
Rushby, Horace
Robinson, H. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Rainforth, Harry
Rapier, John
Russell, S. S.
Roe, H. W.
Reching's Co. Manager
Rice, "Dan" (2) (circus prop.)
Skiff, "Dave"
Simons & Clausen
Scanlon & Cronin
Sutherland, W. R.
Shelby, "Dan"
Siegrist, August
Simonds & Bingham
Showles, J. J.
Sprague, D. J.
Sprague, W. H.
Stuttz, J. G.
Stanley, Ernest
Smith, J. W.
Squire, A. P.
Stubbs, Stokes (2)
Stanhope, Geo. W.
Spaulding, C. H.
Simmons, "Lew"
Sarony, Gilbert
Seymour, O. T.
Sutton, Chas.
Snow Bros.
Spaulding, Mr.
Seymour, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Slate, Fred
Smith, C. (of Lea vitt's B. B.)
Stevens, R. E. (of Soldene's Co.)
Sweeney, Jno. F.
Sullivan, J. J. (2)
Simons, H. (of Simmon's Dram. Co.)
Steele, Frank
Showles, J. J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Stickney, Frank D.
Seigle, Fred.
Stuart, H. G.
Stanhope, Dr.
Tomlinson, Harry
Texas Jack "Combin. Manager
Thespian"
Thompson, John
Tucker & Randall
Templeton, John
Tribble, Harry
Thorne, J. H.
"The Blonde Trio"
Uffner, Frank (2)
Varnet, Harry
Victor, Oscar
West, "Billy" (of Primrose & West)
Wells, C. B. (2)
Webster, Charlie
Williams, Peter
Whitaker, Frank W.
Wallace, J. (stage-manager)
Washburn, E. S. (2)
Warfield, "Tom"
Wood, T. F.
Washburn, "Tony"
Wagner, "Cal"
Wilson, Jas.
Wells, H. C. (2)
Worthington, Mr. (of "Henry" Co.)
Woodland, "Nick"
Wood & West
Yates, Capt. Frank B.
Yates, Mr. (vocalist)
Young, C. W.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Frank Miller, of Tennessee Jubilee Singers; and James H. Williams.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, July 23, '77.

Although it is midsummer, the advertising columns of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, the recognized authority of the theatrical profession in America, give early indications that the next campaign is to be of a very lively character, and that preparations on a grand scale are already being made in anticipation of an early commencement. It is thought that theatres and halls throughout the country should be in unusual demand owing to the large number of combinations which intend to make the grand rounds, aside from those stars who annually make their pilgrimage to the remotest sections of the country, to say nothing of magicians, lecturers, vocalists, and other attractions of a like character, and so we find hall-proprietors getting their houses in order, and otherwise preparing for the early advent ists; and managers of regular theatres are painting up their establishments, putting on coats of many colors, and rejuvenating the entire household before and behind the curtain. Skirmishers will commence the action, and occupy the various theatres before the regulars are brought into position to open the ball along the entire line. Among the most forward of the advance-guard will be Lydia Thompson and her light infantry, who will reenforce at Wallack's Theatre under the field-marshalship of Samuel Colville, whose little unpleasantness with little Alice Oates must be fresh in the memory of our interested readers. We naturally fall into this military language owing to our study of the complicated reports of the movements of the conflicting forces on the banks of the Danube and in Asia. But even before the valiant Lydia and her gallant troupe are landed upon our shores, Pasha T. B. McDonough and Cæsarewitch Abbey have put their army in the field, and commenced practice with their "Baby" artillery, the stirring reports of which have been heard in all the large cities. Messrs. McDonough and Abbey, knowing of the dire disaster which befel the birth of "Twins" in this city once upon a time, were satisfied with one offspring; hence the wonderful success of our "Baby," which has already grown in favor, until it promises to be adopted by the whole Yankee nation. The people's idol may be seen at the Park Theatre until further notice.....The first skirmish of the campaign at the Union-square Theatre takes place this evening, when *Miss Gury* will open the engagement in Woffat's "Poor Jo." Let us trust that the elements may not combine to make this piece *miscarry*, or compel us to say that success is "not for Jo."..... This is good: An admirer of Dumas wants to know "what *made 'Camille' cry so?*" We promptly reply: "The violin's"..... Soldene—who was so recently emotionally being loved in this city, on paper, by those unreliable gentlemen who get up in the morning early—very quietly sailed from San Francisco for Australia on July 18. So that settles *that*.....And talking about Soldene and her high-stepping confrere Mlle. Sara, conjures up the spirit of poesy, and induces the writing together of a few stray thoughts on the subject of

THE FEMALE FORM DIVINE.

"That actress form! Do you think it is real?
Or does it depend upon art?"
"The call boy can tell you, old fellow, no doubt,
For he often *takes her a part*."

.....While many professionals are enjoying their vacation by the salt sea-waves at Long Branch, Cape May, etc., Miss Lettie Allen has found comfort At-water nearer home.....At the Bowery Theatre a new play, called "North and South," is announced. As we know no North, no South, since the war, we don't see how this play is to succeed. Better give it some other name.....Anybody who has a white elephant for sale will hear something to his advantage by taking it to —— Ah, no; he's got one on his hands already. Well, say Blaine!.....And this reminds us that, although banking firms may not favor dancing, they all believe in a *balance to partners*.....Managers Harrigan & Hart continue to meet with a favorable reception wherever they and their well-drilled forces appear, while their very clever variety entertainment delights the many who patronize the "Glorious 69th" and its efficient officers. In this connection we may truly say that Harrigan has *his* Hart in the *right* place..... What if had been Clara Morris herself instead of her horse who was struck by lightning on July 17? What if it had? Clara has stood fire before without flinching, however. Let us congratulate this talented actress on her many narrow escapes.....We would respectfully and gently break the news to our readers that the agent of Miss Adelaide Vance will, of course, be an "*Ad. Vance*" agent! We disseminate this intelligence in advance of all our wide-awake contemporaries!.....It is now given out as a fester that, in case Patti should conclude to favor us with her presence next season, she will require two thousand dollars per night, and the fixings As the times are entirely too much out of joint just now to pay such a salary to a single artist, Adelina had better hold off until the currency-question has been settled, and the proper value of *our* notes set off as an offset against her circulating medium. We're not paying two-thousand-dollar salaries now, and probably shall not until we have another war, which "Heaven forefend!".....In last week's CLIPPER Morris Simmonds, the dramatic agent, published a lengthy list of the managers whose interests he is looking out for. If Morris can manage such a galaxy of managerial talent, he will have earned for himself the proud title of Manager-general! We were about to perpetrate a little joke per Simmonds, but we could not get our mouth into the necessary pucker. But *nous verrons!*.....We don't mind saying to those of our professional friends who desire *sequestered* homes while the vacation lasts that they can secure them if they *seek West'ard!*.....So, too, we don't mind giving a word or two of disinterested advice to those of our actor-friends who have taken unto themselves wives and the happiness connected therewith. Listen:

MATRIMONIAL.

We'll tell you how to "lead" your newly-wedded wife—
This a recipe effective and short sure—
First have the Reverend Blank pronounce the happy words;
Then, after that, why, *take a bridle to her!*

.....They have a funny way of paying compliments out West. Here's a case in point. A few days ago the Chicago Festival Choir, appreciating the services of Wm. L. Tomlins, presented him with a clock! And Mr. Tomlins professes to be deeply gratified therewith. Where ignorance is bliss, etc. *You* know the rest. Now, our idea of the presentation of the clock is that it was intended to induce Brother Tomlins to *keep better time* in future!.....Here we are again!" Yes, and the laughter-loving public will be glad to know that their old friend Tony Denier is arranging his route for the coming season. As a stage-clown we know of no superior to Tony. The famous "Humpy Dumpy" will be revived, with new tricks and transformations, and the various auxiliaries which have assisted in making this pantomime so popular.....Since the cry of hard times struck us, there is not that insane scramble for metropolitan theatres which was noticeable a few years ago. Nor is there the same desire to build theatres, now that it is ascertained that the city has more than it can properly support. In flush times, when the dollar of our fathers was kept in circulation without the aid or connivance of our Congressional representatives, men *then* built who never built before; now, those who always built will build no more. Experience is a costly teacher, but it pays in the end, if the end does not come too soon.....'They say that Jones is to go to Smith's, as leading man this season." "It is false! I am to do the leading business for Smith!" "Is it true that Miss Salter is engaged to support Miss Struthers in her coming tour?" "Not a particle of truth in it." "Has the refusal of the position?" "Will Mr. Booth *star* this season?" "I pledged my word that I would say nothing about it, but I don't mind telling *you* that the son of his father will not rest in idleness." "George Janeway declares that he is to get half the receipts of every night he performs. He referred me to you for proof." "Did he so? It is true! Janeway *is* to receive half the gross!" "I am told that T. Lavinie Monteure is to direct the stage at Metcalf's." "Not a word of truth in it—I direct the stage at Metcalf's, though next season nothing about it yet." "Is Chara Morris to resume her professional duties next season?" "I am pledged to secrecy on that subject. I could, an' I would, a tale unfold that would Harriott up your—— But stay! Let what I have said to you remain as though my lips had been as sealed books." "Will Charles rule as high this season as last?" "As a general thing, no! I am to get better terms than I ever received before. Several managers wanted me, and I was knocked down to the highest bidder. Merit will meet its own reward, you know. Ta ta! ta ta!".....Should Cazenove's Commanderie be to compete with Heller the magician, he had better invent some sort of a talking-machine, else he will flounder in the torrent. Imagine a man performing feats of magic and legerdemain, and not being able to intersperse his acts with bon-mots, jeux d'esprits, and other of those conundrums which give such zest to Heller's seances! When we say talking-machine, we do not mean such as those seen in front of sideshows!.....Should any of our excursionists come across a sea-serpent in their travels, they would do well to secure it and bring it to this city, where Barker's museum is. A devil-fish is also inquired for. Anyone finding such a curiosity will please notify the public through the columns of "the showman's friend." THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.....It is not true that Kate Claxton is to travel with John Brougham next season, and appear in the "Lottery Playing With Fire."..... Jimmy, take that dog out of here. What are you doing with it? "I'm a-takin' of it to the Morgue, to git the reward." Where did you get it? "Found it." Where? "Round here. He was a-runnin' loose, and as I was afeered he'd bite somebody, I snapped him up." And that's why you call it your little snap, eh? "Yes; kin I go?" Yes; but remember, no cruelty. "Oh, no; they're very tender with 'em up there—they give 'em a Turkish bath, and that settles 'em. They had a performing dog up there yesterday, and they made him go through hoops, pick out big trumps, and done lots of things." Did they give *him* a Turkish bath? "No; I redeemed him for a dollar and a half, and sold him back to his owner for ten dollars." You are in-cur-rigible, James.....Those who are out of engagements can now go to the "Wall" (leaving reference to the dramatic agent on Union-square.—ED.).....That colored Dutch comedian advertised in last week's CLIPPER *is* a novelty, sure. Let's give him a chance.....And now, while laying off, we propose to take you on the briny deep in one of those mammoth steamers which navigate the waters in the Summer season:

THE EXCURSION.

"Here's the steamer now—easy, don't be flustered."
"Did you bring the ham?" "Yes, and let the mustard."
"Apples? Yes sir-ee! Jingo, ain't they rousers!"
"There's a vacant seat—now for the lounsers."
"Now we're off—hurrah! almost seems like flying."
"Tommy, wipe your nose; Sallie, stop your crying."
"Have a piece of pie?" "No, I couldn't, I'm sick."
"How the steamer rolls! Lor, I wish she wouldn't."
"Look at Uncle John—sick, as I'm a sinner;
There's the fat boy, too, sharing his dinner."
"Mother, take us home." "Children, stop your crying."
"Wife, I'm sick myself—hope I aint a-dying."
"Here's some brandy, dear—careful, don't you waste it."
"Can that punkin pie?" "Yes, I'll try to taste it."
"Lay me on the deck—couldn't think of standing.
Be an hour or more till we reach a landing."
"Oh, I'm deadly sick. Heaven have mercy on me—
Why, there aint a bit on a sea-excursion."

CITY SUMMARY.

THE JACKITS-CHY JAPANESE TROUPE was the attraction at Tony Pastor's Theatre the past week, playing to a good average attendance. A youthful performer styled "Master Ah Lee" appeared on Monday night, but the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children prohibited him from subsequently performing. The various members of the company are skillful artists, their feats consisting mainly of balancing and juggling. The programme was varied each evening during the week, and the liberal applause by the spectators evinced that they were satisfactorily entertained.

THE SUMMER SEASON at Wallack's Theatre closed July 21, "Woodleigh" continuing the attraction during the week, save on July 20, when J. D. Atwater took a benefit, "The Stranger" being the bill. The cast was as follows: The Stranger, J. B. Atwater; Baron Steinfort, Theodore Hamilton; Francis, Cyril Searle; Count Wintersen, W. A. Eytinge; Peter, Thomas Whiffen; Solomon, E. B. Holmes; William, Allie Dorringon; Mrs. Haller, Miss Charlotte Thompson; Miss Marie Bates; Countess Wintersen, Miss May Davenport. The season did not prove pecuniarily successful.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, "The Three Guardsmen" was withdrawn after the performance of July 21. The following changes were made in the cast during the past week, all of which proved satisfactory: Frank Mordaunt acted D'Artignan; Harry Rowe, Athos; Edwin Price, Buckingham; J. P. Winter, Aramis; and Miss Georgie Dickson, Constance. Attendance fair. This week, "Fraud and its Victims, or the Poor of New York," will be the attraction.

FRANK PETERSCHEN has vacated the engagement spoken of last week, voluntarily withdrawing in favor of Henry Wannemacher. Should there be no change in the management, Peterschen will take Wannemacher's place as orchestra leader for the season of 1878-9, having been already engaged anew to do so.

ROSITA HOPE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Knight (*nee* Sophie Worrell), died of cholera-infantum July 9 (instead of 10, as we were erroneously informed and stated in our past issue), aged 5 months and 16 days.

HARRY TALBOT and A. J. Talbot, minstrel performers, arrived on the steamship Elysia from London July 13, and left 14 for Baltimore, Md.

MRS. EDMOND GERSON, *nee* Katie Kiralfy, was delivered of a still-born child July 18.

MISS J. COGGSWELL and Miss Carrie A. Coggswell arrived in town during the past week. Miss Coggswell has for several years past been playing leading business in Salt Lake City, Utah, and in Sacramento, Cal.

A. E. Voce, orchestral and brass-band leader, and his wife sailed for London, Eng., July 21, in the steamship Elysia.

AT THE FIFTH-AVENUE THEATRE "Evangeline" continued the attraction the past week to fair business. Miss Rose Temple received a benefit Friday night, and George S. Knight was similarly complimented Saturday night, when, in addition to the burlesque, the variety sketch entitled "Weston the Walkist" was acted, with Mr. Knight as Philip Weston, Charles Rosine as Mr. Roughglad, Harry Hunter as Rash McCabe, H. E. Dixey as Mr. Sandwich, and Miss Bell Simpson, George Vimet as John, H. Frail as Henry, and Miss Blanche Greene as Elizabeth.

JENS OLSEN ALLEBUP, musician, died of a disease of the spine July 18, aged 58 years. He was a native of Denmark, and had been in this country some years. At one time he was the bandmaster of the U. S. Marine Corps at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and later he accompanied Shiel Barry's Dramatic Company to the West Indies. His last engagement was with Billy Barry's Combination, when they performed at Tony Pastor's Theatre, a few weeks ago. He left a widow, four daughters, and two sons—Ole Allerup and P. S. Allerup, both musicians.

THE LAST WEEK of "Evangeline" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre will be the present. On July 31 Charles Parsloe is to commence an engagement, acting in Bret Harte and Mark Twain's new drama, entitled "Ah Sin."

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, "The Poor of New York" is to be produced July 23, Samuel Piercy, J. T. Craven, Miss Gussie De Forrest and Mme. Ivan C. Michels being added to the company.

VAL VOSE, ventriloquist, writes to THE CLIPPER from London, Eng., under date of July 12, as follows: "I leave for New York on my way to Australia about July 19 or 26. I intend performing for one season in America."

JAMES AND LYDIA SHEERAN, the Birch Family, Petrie and Fish, Irene Kearns, Thomas and Watson, and Belle Norton are the new people at the London July 23. Ella Mayo, the Almonte Brothers, Gibson and Binney, Gibbons and Russell, Frank Lewis, Master Dunn, Charles Chrisdie and the Zanfretta Troupe will be retained.

J. W. FOSTER and family arrived from South America during the past week.

AT THE VOLKS' GARDEN, the new faces this week are W. J. Walton, Lulu Mortimer, Martha Wren and James Collins, Clark Gibbs, Erwin Thomas, the Mason Brothers, Billy Long and Landers and Fields.

AT THE COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE, Prof. Brainard and orchestra and the Colonna Parisian Ballet Troupe are the features, under the management of C. C. Beeve.

"BABY" was produced at the Park Theatre July 16 as the attraction for a preliminary season there, inaugurated by Manager Abbey. It was cast as follows:

Howard St. Paul,	Mrs. Howard St. Paul,
W. H. Bailey	Mrs. Charles Poole
Tracy Coach, W. J. Lemoyne	Mrs. Oliver Magnus,
Young Atkins..... Harry Lee	Miss Kate Newton
John..... Mr. Parker	Mary Grafton,
Willie St. Paul, R. F. Thorne	Miss Stella Boniface
Oliver Magnus, G. C. Boniface	Madame Aurelia,
Hairdresser..... J. Cooke	Miss Linda Dietz
	Susan, Mrs. Frank Murdoch

It may be termed a farcical comedy in three acts, and is an adaptation by Thomas B. MacDonough of the French original by MM. Hennequin and De Najac, which was first produced at the Gymnase Theatre, Paris, during the week ending March 17 last, and where it is still the reigning sensation. As we published a description of the piece shortly after its original production, we need not refer to it further than to point out what changes have been made in fitting it to the English stage. As a natural consequence, the wit and drollery of the dialogue has suffered to a considerable extent by translation, especially so far as the idiomatic phraseology is concerned. The morality of the piece has been improved by substituting comparatively innocent flirtations for the description of the school of gallantry through which Baby is supposed to have passed, learning lessons from chambermaids, "soiled doves," and married women; but the same mirth-provoking situations are retained. Madame Aurelia has been transformed from a queen of the demi-monde into a somewhat sedate music-teacher. The scene in the second act of the original, where the tutor, his pupils and their mistresses sing and dance a cancan of the wildest description, is presented in a very mild form. Mary Grafton, accompanied by her music-teacher, has come to Baby's house especially to be introduced to his mother, but instead she is smuggled into his study. While there she sings a plaintive ballad, and the tutor, Baby and young Atkins join in the chorus. Baby's father, hearing the music, comes to the apartment to learn the cause of it, the ladies are hurriedly concealed in adjoining rooms, and, as the parent enters, both pupils are apparently deeply devoted to their legal studies. Upon inquiry why they are singing, the tutor explains that it is one of his new methods for improving the memory. The somewhat skeptical parent commands that his theory shall be demonstrated, whereupon the tutor sings several legal maxims to various popular airs, the pupils joining in the chorus, and the father is satisfied. The scene of the action of the piece has been transferred to London, Eng., and the names of most of the characters have been changed. The second act is intensely farcical, and is productive of boisterous mirth. There are series after series of mistakes and mystifications, all most laughable and full of unlooked-for surprises. There is a slight falling-off in the last act; but, upon the whole, the piece, with its many changes of process, was well mounted and excellently acted, especially towards the close of the week. The first few representations suffered somewhat, because the company was newly formed, and the respective members had not become accustomed to each person's peculiarities; and it might therefore be regarded rather in the light of rehearsals than artistic performances. Slight changes in the dialogue also added to the smoothness of the later representations. W. H. Bailey's portraiture of the elderly St. Paul, a dolt, who crams his brain with political articles from the London papers of every hue, until, by studying the contradictory opinions of others, he has none of his own, is deserving of warm praise. His make-up was admirable. Baby is the pet name given to Willie St. Paul, a young man of twenty-two years, because he is the youngest of the family. Master Willie Adams as Oliver Magnus, has the education of his son, who has been left under the tutelage of his mother. She, apparently, has shut her eyes to the fact that the little boy has grown into a robust young man, and fancies he is always tied to her apron-string. In her behalf we would say that a host of long-clothed Baby's have been successfully dandled in her arms. He has grown up an ignoramus, and is extravagant, idle and dissipated, while his parents believe him a paragon of perfection and a model of virtue and innocence. In impersonating this individual E. F. Thorne achieved a marked success. The acts, said to have been written for Charles Coghlan by Sir Charles Young, which was produced in Baldwin's Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., June 25 last, and then announced as having been acted for the first time in America, had previously been acted in this country. We have a bill before us announcing its production in Ligonier, Ind., March 5, 1876.

JOHN PIPER contemplates the building of a theatre in Virginia City, Nev.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD was offered $50 by the citizens of Gold Hill, Nev., to read the Declaration of Independence at that place July 4. He declined the money, but volunteered the service. On June 29, while performing in Virginia City, he seriously wounded himself by the accidental discharge of a pistol, which prevented him from fulfilling his engagement at Gold Hill, whereupon the citizens caused a gold badge to be made, which C. Rankin presented to the scout on his recovers. The badge is suspended by three links from a pin. On one side of the medal are the words "Captain Jack," below which is a picture of Jack, with the mountains and Indians in the background. The reverse bears the inscription: "Testimonial to Captain Jack Crawford from the citizens of Gold Hill, Nevada, July 4, 1877."

FREDERICK W. BERT, after an extended tour with his dramatic company through California and Nevada, has located at Portland, Or., for the season of 1877-8, which commenced July 9. He requests stars and combinations desiring dates at this house, the New Market Theatre, to apply to him as per card.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA and Comedy Company are to open in San Francisco, Cal., early in August. The troupe has just returned from a lengthy Australian tour, and includes Tim Cohan, Dan P. Howard, Harry Nicholson, Marie Poinier, Mrs. J. H. O'Neil, and Thos. J. Adair. John Howorth is proprietor, M. E. Howorth treasurer, and H. A. B. Williams general agent.

MASTER N. S. WOOD, the boy actor, who made a great success in his impersonation of Jo in "Tom-all-Alones" during his recent engagement at the Philadelphia (Pa.) Museum, publishes elsewhere a number of extracts from the Philadelphia press, which speak of his efforts as having been warmly appreciated.

PROFESSIONALS and amateurs desiring engagements are referred to Davis & Co.'s advertisement.

HENRY HOYT, the scenic artist of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, is painting a new drop-curtain and scenery for that theatre. The Arch will reopen in the latter part of August with the Union-square Company. Mr. "Pop" Hamilton, Chas. R. Gardiner, who managed this theatre last season, will again second Mrs. John Drew in her efforts to cater.

THE WALNUT-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, will shortly be reopened with the new drama entitled "Secret Service," or McPartland the Detective," in which John E. McDonough will assume the leading role. The new curtain Matt Morgan is painting for this theatre represents folds of a crimson velvet and folds of white satin, with an oval medallion in the centre, with a picture of Shakespeare reading his plays before Queen Elizabeth and her Court.

E. L. DAVENPORT has two new plays for next season: one, historical, "Oliver Cromwell," by the late George H. Miles of Baltimore, and a new London play, "Mammon." Both will be produced at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, next season.

WILLIAM DAVIDGE JR., the well-known comedian, having assumed the management of the Philadelphia Museum, announces in a card in our advertising columns that it will open for the Fall and Winter season on Monday next, with a strong dramatic company, and that first-class stars and combinations desiring dates can now address him at 1,419 Race street, Philadelphia.

THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM closed for the season on July 21, the last week being mainly devoted to the benefits of the following members of the company: Charles L. McManus, F. F. Varnum, Louis Meredith, John A. Burns, Harold Forsberg, and Miss Laura Linden. The theatre will be reopened on Sept. 1, and will be thoroughly renovated and remodeled in the interim.

JOHN M. HUMPHREYS, Harry Langdon, J. H. Wallis, Frank Allen, A. H. Jastings, Lewis Baker, Henry Custer, Miss Bake, Mrs. Chas. Henri, Mrs. Lizzie Creese and Miss Kate French will constitute a dramatic combination appearing at Atlantic City, N. J., for five nights, commencing July 30.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Philadelphia, is now undergoing its annual renovation, and many improvements are being made, including the erection of a complete fire-proof division between the auditorium and the stage, all the way from the top of the curtain-opening through and above the roof.

BART SMITH intends to tour the small towns of Ohio and Indiana, opening at Lawrenceburg July 20 with the following company: Con T. Murphy, Max Walbalin, T. Haley, A. Beyers, Gus Hall, Thomas Coleman, Ed. Dodrough, B. Smith, Kate Crusoe and Florence Livingston.

ALTHOUGH THE HOUSE was not crowded, a very large audience assembled in Hooley's, Chicago, Ill., July 16, the opening night of the new regime. To speak of the house first, it shows marked improvement in the additional means of exit; the novel and ingenious method of ventilation, consisting of a series of tubes connecting with each chair, through which the air is propelled by a rotary fan driven by a hydraulic engine; and the taste displayed in the decoration and upholstery. "The Danicheffs" has been the attraction. As a matter of record, we append the cast: Basil, Charles R. Thorne Jr.; Vladimir, James O'Neil; Prince, John Parselle; Roger De Taide, Louis L. James; Zalkaroff, J. H. Stoddart; Andre, H. P. Daly; Nikafor, M. W. Hellingwell; Ivan, E. E. Morris; Dr. Conured, C. M. Collins; Herr Linden, Edgar Moore; Paul Danicheff, H. Ramsay; Clerk, W. S. Quigley; Princess, Miss Katharine Rogers; Countess, Miss Fanny Morant; Anna, Miss Sara Jewett; Baroness, Miss Ida Vernon; Anfissa, Mrs. Marie Wilkins; Valitza, Miss Rose Norwood; Mme Germaine, Mrs. Tannehill; Marinna, Mrs. Sylvester Pratt. McVicker's will open Aug. 6. The officers of the house are: J. H. McVicker, proprietor and manager; L. L. Sharpe, stage-manager; C. L. Redfield, treasurer; J. H. Rogers, scenic-artist; John Barrow, machinist; J. Gourie, property-man; Mrs. F. Kellogg, costumer. The company includes Laura Don as leading lady; Fannie Price, leading heavy; Geraldine Haye, soubrette; Alice Hastings, soubrette; Clara Stoneall, old woman; Emma Marble, juvenile; Cora Tanner, walking; Mollie Rivers, Carrie West, Mary Holton, Bertha Cleaves, utility; Theodore Hamilton, leading man; W. H. Power leading heavy; Harry Pearson, old man; Roland Reed, comedian; Isidore Davidson, heavy man; G. W. Wessells, walking; Harry Lee, juvenile; A. Johnson, character; F. C. McVicker, G. K. Sprague, J. H. Browne, George O. Heikes and Walter Richardson, general business. Specially engaged in addition during the run of the opening piece, "Seraphine," are Joseph Wheelock, Charles Stanley, Charles Vilers, and Miss Kate Meek. Mr. McVicker's alley will be to specially augment his company in this manner whenever necessary, and to present in rapid succession the most successful of modern and standard plays, giving rather less attention to stars than formerly. Advices of July 21.

THE LAWRENCE BARRETT COMBINATION is to commence the season of 1877-8 in Toronto, Ont., Sept. 3.

C. W. BARRY has added two new plays to his repertory for the coming season—"Nobody's Fortune, or the Great Express Robbery," and "Dead Men's Shoes." He announces that he has fine printing for these plays and can be addressed for time as per card.

SUICIDE.—Thomas Placide, a veteran actor, who for some years past has been living in retirement at Tom's River, New Jersey, committed suicide by shooting himself in the right temple, with a dueling pistol, on July 20. He had suffered for a long time from cancer in the mouth, the pain from which, at times was so excruciating that he had remarked to friends, upon more than one occasion, that, unless he could get permanent relief, he would take his own life. Previous to committing the act he sent the following letter to a hotel-keeper in the village:

Before you receive this I will be dead and before my Maker to answer for the act of a suicide; as you see that it will be necessary not to let Mrs. Bliss return here today. I have been driven to the deed by the most agonizing tortures that man ever suffered—beyond human endurance. Will you have the Co

DATES at the Grand Opera-house, Nashville, Tenn., can be arranged through T. W. Davey or others mentioned in the card in another column.

CHIP THOMPSON continues his free exhibitions of his skill in walking a thin wire across the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia.

ECHBERG'S OPERA-HOUSE, Champaign, Ill., is advertised as open for rental. The Champaign County Fair begins Aug. 28, continuing to Sept. 1, and the hall has not yet been rented for that period.

THE TOM THUMB TROUPE exhibited in Los Angeles, Cal., July 12, 13, 14.

"PSYCHO."—PORT MONMOUTH, N. J., July 18, 1877.—FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of July 14 you present a cut and description of an automaton card-player, and I see that Prof. Ryder does me the justice to say that I exhibited an automaton card-player in Williamsburg. In justice to myself and for the information of the public, I should like to say a few words on the subject. I have made automatons a study since 1858. When I was traveling with Lawrence Bosco, the English magician, for whom I made several automatons, I conceived the idea of making an automaton chess-player, which I named Namolie, and exhibited it in all the principal cities of England. A Russian magician by the name of "Pro. Myrines" was very anxious to possess the wonderful piece of mechanism, and at last I sold it to him for four hundred pounds ($2,000); and I am now at work on another chess-playing automaton, which I hope to have the honor of showing very soon to my friends and the public. I am not in the show business now, as my private business pays me better, and "Syko" has a comfortable little chamber, where he sits, always willing to play a game of whist, euchre or dominoes, or solve a problem in mathematics for any of my friends who choose to call.

Yours very respectfully, JOHN FEGGETTER.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

"LA CHASTE SUZANNE," a two-act comedy vaudeville from the pen of Paul Ferrier, was recently first performed at the Palais Royal, Paris, France. A correspondent says of it: "The little heroine is first introduced to us as one of the pupils at Mme. Perruchet's boarding-school, wearing a simple white dress, with enormous leg-of-mutton sleeves, and having her hair dressed like that of her companions, in the fashion of 1828. Suzanne is a girl of most decided and independent character, and causes no little anxiety to the matron of the establishment. The dull life of a schoolgirl bores her in a supreme degree, until one fine day arrives a prolonged fit of inattention and distraction during her pianoforte lessons, she suddenly informs the young music-master, M. Florestan, that she loves him—an avowal which that individual receives with extreme satisfaction, testified by hundred kisses. Suzanne has thus made a fine beginning in life. She is, I should mention, an orphan, her father being unknown, and has been adopted and sent to school by one Bigourdan, who keeps a fashionable restaurant. As is usually the case when such improprieties happen (on a stage at least), prying eyes have witnessed Suzanne's osculatory scene with the music-master, and the result is that the strait-laced Madame Perruchet expels her from her respectable school. Bigourdan is placed in a dilemma by this incident. He had never informed his wife of his good action in adopting the girl; for, truth to tell, the motives of his seeming charity were not of the purest. What to do with the girl, now that she has been thrown back upon his hands, is a complete puzzle to him. By a happy inspiration, he thinks of his friend Vernouillet, who keeps a milliner's shop, and is at the same time corporal in the National Guard—of 1828. Vernouillet is quite willing to find a place for the girl if she knows anything of millinery, whereupon Suzanne declares that to be a modiste is the dream of her life, and gives an exemplification of her talents on the spot, trimming before the audience a large 'Pamela' hat, with ribbons and flowers, in the most artistic style, accompanying the task by warbling a pretty little song. The young lady goes through this scene, the greatest in the piece, admirably, and was cordially applauded, especially by the feminine portion of the spectators. Of the confused series of incidents that succeed it will be hard to convey any distinct idea. Bigourdan, Vernouillet, and Suzanne get into a hackney-carriage to conduct the young lady to the shop, but the vehicle is upset on the way. What becomes of Bigourdan I do not know, but the other two seek repose after the shock in a cafe, which is used as the headquarters of a company of National Guards, commanded by Captain Pontcavel. Appearances being strongly against him, Vermouillet is arrested on a charge of having maltreated his companion, and Suzanne thus finds herself without a friend. The Captain, when he hears her story, suggests that she should take a place at a dressmaker's, and the girl does not object. But before long she discovers that she is in the establishment kept by Bigourdan, her guardian, and to her utter amazement finds Florestan, the music-master, making fierce love to Madame Bigourdan. Suzanne thereupon grows mad with jealousy, and begins to drink with the citizen soldiers. At last Bigourdan, who is always wholesomely in dread of his wife, returns home, and matters become even more complicated. He, Vernouillet and Florestan disguise themselves as sappers, so as to elude the sword given by the Captain, and Suzanne dons the costume of a *cantiniere*. After interminable *quiproquos* and a continuous hurry-skurry of ridiculous adventures, all ends well, Suzanne pardoning Florestan and discovering her 'long-lost' father in the person of Captain Pontcavel." Mlle. Nadia made a successful debut in the part of the heroine, Huma appearing as Florestan, Montbars as Bigourdan, Hyacinthe as Vernouillet, and Luguet as Captain Pontcavel.

"THE VIOLIN-MAKER OF CREMONA," an adaptation by Henry Neville of "Le Luthier de Cremone," was produced at the Olympic Theatre, London, July 2. The plot is as follows: Filippo and Sandro are apprentices to an enthusiastic old violin-maker, Ferrari, who has promised the hand of his pretty daughter, Giannina, to the one who secures the first prize in a contest at the forthcoming competition. Filippo, though deformed in body, is in mind and genius superior. His humpback, however, tells against his chance with the lady, whose heart is devoted to the young apprentice who presents the more attractive person. Filippo's constitution is delicate, and the secret of some valuable composition which he has discovered make him confident of success in the approaching contest, and exultingly he speaks of his assurance of triumph to Giannina. For her he produces the sweetest of music from the instrument he has constructed. Tears are the result—tears not of joyful sympathy, but tears which are expressive of sorrow in the knowledge that Sandro will be lost to her. Poor Filippo guesses the truth, and, unselfish as he is, he determines to forego his triumph that the happiness of the girl he loves may not be destroyed. He resolves secretly to substitute his own for Sandro's violin, and gives them both to his rival to present to the judges. Sandro, conscious of his own deficiencies, and possessing none of that fine feeling which animates his rival, once more changes the instruments, and so, unintentionally, restores to Filippo his pride of place. The prize falls to the hunchback. But in the meantime Sandro has been overtaken by remorse. To Filippo he confesses the meanness of which he has been guilty. And between the hunchback and Giannina prepares for self-sacrifice. He places around the neck of Giannina the golden emblem of his victory, he unites her hand with that of his rival, and he leaves Cremona forever. Henry Neville appeared as Filippo, W. J. Hill as Ferrari, and Miss Gerard as Giannina.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLONDIN the high-rope performer, at our latest advices, was performing in Buenos Ayres. He walked a rope stretched across the plaza from the Cabildo to the Arch of Triumph.

CRICKET.

THE GAME IN ENGLAND.
Amateur vs. Professional.

The grand matches between the Gentlemen's Eleven and the All-England professional team were played last month and early this month on the three principal cricket fields of London, viz., Lord's, the Oval and Prince's. The first match ended on June 30, after a three days' contest, about eight thousand people being present on the last day of the match. These games, which required an average of about ten hours' time for the actual play in the four innings of each contest, occupied two days, three days to each match. The Players went in at the bat first, and scored the large total of 405, Lockwood leading with 97, Shrewsbury following with 78, and Selby with 70. Then the Gentlemen went in, and before they could be disposed of they had run up the splendid score of 427, of which Hornby made 144 and Cotterell 59, Grace being caught for 29. The Players in their second inning scored only 119, Ulyett's 24 being the best score. This left the Gentlemen 98 runs to get to win; but the three days' play having ended, the match was drawn, though the Gentlemen had the victory almost in their hands.

First Inning.	PLAYERS.	Second Inning.
Lockwood c. Walker b. Gilbert	97	c. Strachan b. W. G. Grace 30
Shrewsbury c. Lyttleton b. Strachan	78	run out 11
Ulyett c. Lyttleton b. Patterson	15	b. Patterson 24
Selby c. Lucas b. Strachan	70	b. W. G. Grace 15
Pappe c. and b. W. G. Grace	16	c. Strachan b. W. G. Grace 0
Daft c. Lyttleton b. Lucas	29	c. Gilbert b. Patterson 0
Wild c. Lyttleton b. Lucas	51	c. Lyttleton b. W. G. Grace 14
Emmett, not out	27	c. Gilbert b. Patterson 2
Barratt c. Lyttleton b. Patterson	0	st. Lyttleton b. Patterson 0
Morley, run out	0	st. Lyttleton b. Patterson 0
Mycroft, run out	4	st. Lyttleton b. W. G. Grace 19
Byes, 9; l. b., 7; w. b., 2	18	Byes 2
Total	405	Total 119

GENTLEMEN.			
W. G. Grace c. Morley b.	29	W. R. Gilbert c. Mycroft b.	3
Mycroft	39	B. Barratt	3
A. P. Lucas, run out	41	G. F. Grace c. Jupp b. Barratt	14
J. M. Cotterill, run out	59		
A. J. Webbe b. Ulyett	0	F. D. Walker, not out	10
W. J. Hornby c. Jupp b. Mycroft	144	G. Strachan c. and b. Barratt	10
Hon. A. Lyttleton hit w. b. Lockwood	68	Byes, 14; l. b., 3; w. b., 2	19
W. S. Patterson c. Selby b. Barratt	26	Total	427

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

PLAYERS.—First Inning.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.
Patterson	80	43	89	3	0
W. G. Grace	63	32	92	4	0
G. F. Grace	45	21	56	0	0
Strachan	46	28	49	2	0
Gilbert	25	8	36	1	2
Lucas	30	10	47	2	0
Walker	7	3	18	0	0
Second Inning.					
Patterson	38	15	50	4	0
W. G. Grace	37-3	13	67	5	0
GENTLEMEN.—First Inning.					
Mycroft	47	18	78	2	0
Barratt	52-2	17	116	4	1
Ulyett	42	18	76	1	0
Emmett	23	6	63	0	0
Morley	11	2	29	0	0
Lockwood	13	3	30	1	0
Daft	4	1	18	0	0

On July 2 the second match of the series was announced at Lord's Grounds, about 4,000 people being present at the commencement. The elevens differed somewhat from those who took part in the Oval match, Lord Harris and Mr. Ridley being substituted for Messrs. Strachan and Gilbert on the side of the Gentlemen, and for the Players Barlow and Watson appeared in the places of Selby and Barratt. In this match the contest was close, the Gentlemen winning by one wicket only, as the appended score shows:

First Inning.	PLAYERS.	Second Inning.
Daft c. Walker b. Patterson	64	c. Webbe b. Ridley 18
E. Lockwood c. W. G. Grace b. Patterson	0	c. Webbe b. Patterson 19
Shrewsbury b. Patterson	2	c. Hornby b. Patterson 3
Jupp c. W. G. Grace b. Lucas	23	run out 41
Barlow c. Lyttleton b. Patterson	9	c. Webbe b. Lucas 15
Ulyett b. Patterson	11	c. Webbe b. Lucas 26
Wild, run out	0	c. Lyttleton b. Lucas 22
Emmett, not out	47	b. W. G. Grace 1
Watson c. W. G. Grace b Patterson	0	not out 0
Morley b. Patterson	27	c. Webbe b. W. G. Grace 0
Mycroft c. Lucas b. W. G. Grace	0	c. Webbe b. Lucas 0
Byes, 5; l. b., 3; w., 1	9	Leg-byes 3
Total	192	Total 148

First Inning.	GENTLEMEN.	Second Inning.
W. Grace c. and b. Watson	18	c. and b. Morley 41
Lucas c. and b. Mycroft	12	c. Barlow b. Ulyett 2
Cotterill b. Watson	92	b. Ulyett 10
Ridley c. Barlow b. Mycroft	1	run out 8
Hornby b. Ulyett	17	b. Ulyett 0
Webbe c. Ulyett b. Emmett	0	c. Shrewsbury b. Morley 3
Hon. A. Lyttleton st. Lockwood b. Watson	32	b. Ulyett 20
Lord Harris c. and b. Watson	1	b. Morley 7
Patterson c. Ulyett	12	not out 34
G. Grace b. Watson	2	not out 23
Walker, not out	0	b. Watson 0
Byes, 8; l. b., 1; w. b., 2	11	Bye, 1; l. b., 4 5
Total	198	Total 143

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

PLAYERS.—First Inning.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Wides.
Patterson	74	46	58	7	1
Ridley	47	23	43	0	0
W. G. Grace	47-3	21	53	1	0
Lucas	19	11	18	1	0
G. F. Grace	10	6	12	0	0
Second Inning.					
Patterson	56	26	55	2	0
W. G. Grace	49	25	66	2	0
Ridley	11	4	12	1	0
Lucas	17	9	12	4	0
GENTLEMEN.—First Inning.					
Watson	49	22	60	5	0
Mycroft	36	18	72	2	0
Ulyett	13	5	24	2	0
Emmett	8	3	20	1	2
Morley	11	6	11	0	0
Second Inning.					
Watson	19-3	6	33	1	0
Mycroft	16	6	39	0	0
Ulyett	23	12	39	4	0
Morley	20	10	27	4	0

In the third match, played at Prince's Grounds July 5, 6, 7, the first-inning score was as follows:

GENTLEMEN.		PLAYERS.	
W. G. Grace b. Mycroft	3	Jupp c. W. G. Grace b. Strachan	19
W. W. Read c. Hill b. Eastwood	72	Ulyett b. Buckland	53
J. M. Cotterill c. and b. Mycroft	23	Lockwood c. and b. Tylecote b. Strachan	32
G. F. Grace b. Mycroft	134	Eastwood c. Strachan b. Buckland	32
H. M. Buckland c. Pinder b. Emmett	50	Charlwood c. Strachan b. Buckland	21
W. R. Gilbert st. Pinder b. Emmett	0	Emmett b. Buckland	24
F. A. Monkland Hill b. w. b. Southerton	8	Hill c. G. F. W. G. Grace	2
E. F. S. Tylecote b. Ulyett	30	Lillywhite b. W. G. Grace	0
G. Strachan b. Hill	0	Pinder c. E. F. S. Tylecote b. W. G. Grace	6
H. C. Telecote, not out	37	Mycroft c. Cotterill b. Buckland	6
E. H. Butler c. Ulyett b. Southerton	26	Southerton c. and b. Grace	0
Byes, 11; l. b., 5; w., 1	17	Bye, 1; w., 4; n. b., 1	6
Total	400	Total	181

In this game W. G. Grace was easily got rid of; but his brother, G. F., scored 134. It was to have been completed on July 7.

AQUATIC.

THE CASE OF COURTNEY.
Was He or Was He Not "Dosed!"—Statements from Dr. Olcott and Mr. George.

Lapse of time has not sufficed to clear away the mystery surrounding the cause of the indisposition which prevented Charles E. Courtney from dipping his sculls in Greenwood Lake on Saturday afternoon, July 14, though during the past week statements have appeared in the daily press which threw some light upon the subject. We regret to say that these statements have not had the effect of adding to the strength of the favorable opinion the public may have entertained concerning the person most interested; on the contrary, they have tended to cast suspicion upon his conduct in connection with this affair, and reflect seriously upon the integrity of his character. The documents alluded to are presented below, the first being the result of an interview held by a representative of *The N. Y. Times* with Courtney's physician, and the other a card from Mr. George, the gentleman upon whom was cast the suspicion of having administered the dose which was alleged to have produced the oarsman's illness. These statements have doubtless had considerable weight with the public; and if Courtney, who has so far maintained silence, can say aught in refutation of them, he should, in justice to himself and friends, open his mouth.

STATEMENT OF DR. OLCOTT.

I was on my way to my country residence, at the foot of Greenwood Lake, which is nearly opposite the course. I took an early train to avoid the crowds that I knew would be going to the regatta, and, as you will perceive, my visiting Mr. Courtney was purely accidental. I was not going to stay to see the race, and was about leaving in one of my own boats, when a messenger from Mr. Darwin and Vernam asked me to come up and see Mr. Courtney, who had been taken suddenly ill at the hotel. I went there, and found Mr. Courtney lying upon the bed, partially undressed, complaining of a burning pain extending from the throat to the bottom of the abdomen. It was stated to me that these symptoms manifested themselves about half an hour after he took his dinner. Arsenic was told to someone that he had vomited the contents of the stomach once. He complained of numbness of the feet and hands. Upon careful examination I failed to discover any physical signs to indicate the existence of these alleged symptoms. Courtney's countenance did not express pain. The heart's action was perfectly normal; the temperature of the skin was natural; there was no perspiration; and no indications of exhaustion. From this I do not hesitate to say that the theory of poisoning, either by any of the narcotic or corrosive poisons, cannot be maintained. Had Mr. Courtney taken arsenic, for instance, as an illustration of corrosive poisoning, in sufficient quantity to have produced vomiting so promptly as stated, followed by a sense of burning in the throat and stomach, intense thirst, a relaxed and moist skin, immediately followed by prostration, would have accompanied the vomiting. The entire absence of any symptom of narcotic poisoning shuts out the idea that any had been administered to him. Mr. Courtney's symptoms, as he described them to me, pointed to cerebro-spinal meningitis, but they were altogether too insignificant to establish the fact that he had taken poison of any kind. Mr. Courtney's case, as it presented itself to me, did not call for any special treatment, and a small dose of camphorated tincture of opium was administered. As he lay there the man was the picture of vigorous health, and a finer physique I never have seen in my life. I then left the patient and went to the dock for the purpose of getting into my boat to go home, but was requested by Mr. Vernam to announce to the crowd that the race would not come off. I merely said to the crowd that, as Mr. Courtney's physician, I was compelled to state that Mr. Courtney was sick, and would not be able to occupy his position in the race. Dr. Olcott then went on to state that the man's condition might have been the consequence of mental excitement, imprudence at dinner, or a change of water. There certainly was nothing more the matter with him than a temporary disturbance of the stomach. "I totally discredit the theory of his having been poisoned, said Dr. Ward of Newark, who was in the next room a chamber at the time, and in consultation with me," said Dr. Olcott. He then described the George as people of the highest reputation in that part of the country, and utterly incapable of doing anything dishonorable. Dr. Olcott further stated that the announcement he made to the people at Greenwood "that Mr. Courtney could not row" was based on the assumption that Mr. Courtney had told him the truth with regard to his feelings.

MR. GEORGE'S LETTER.

GEORGE HOTEL,
COOPER, GREENWOOD LAKE, July 17, 1877.

Since Saturday last there have been various rumors afloat regarding the reasons for the non-fulfilment of the match between Courtney and Riley for a purse on Greenwood Lake, and, as my name has been used, I consider it an act of justice to myself to let the public know all the details, as far as they relate to what has been termed in the newspapers "the poisoning of Mr. Courtney." On Friday evening, July 13, I returned from New York by the train which reaches Cooper at a quarter to seven, and then, for the first time, knew that Mr. Courtney was to be a guest at my house—in fact, he was already there, bag and baggage. He met me at the dining-room door on my entrance, and said that he had come to my house in order to be near the race-course. He further stated that he had selected a room, and had his baggage placed in it. I said to him that I was very sorry that he had not informed me of his coming, that I would have been able to have made it more comfortable for him, and perhaps given him a better room. He said that he was perfectly satisfied with the room, and nothing more could be done to add to his comfort.

On Saturday morning he was up at six o'clock and went out to the depot, and three of his friends were with him. Between half-past six and seven o'clock he went in to breakfast in the public room. After breakfast he walked about the grounds with his friends. About nine o'clock I saw him sitting on a truck of the American Express Company. I went up to him and inquired if he had rowed over the course that morning. He said no; he did not know where the course was. I then remarked that I supposed he had gone over it from the fact of his coming to my house to be nursed. He was alone at this time, and seemed to be in a deep study. I do not think he made any reply to my last remark. About half past eleven I went up to Mr. Courtney's room, and found him and six of his friends there. I said to him that I desired him and his friends to dine before it was time for the general dinner, and I would have everything ready for them at half past twelve. I then named the bill-of-fare, and added if anything more was wanted to let me know. Mr. Courtney replied that he would like to enjoy a quiet dinner with his friends, and also said that the bill-of-fare named was all-sufficient.

When the dinner was ready I escorted the party to the dining-room, and seated them at the table. I said to Mr. Courtney that, if he had no objections, I would have my father, Mr. Phelps R. George, who was sitting in the parlor, dine with him. My father was then brought in, and I introduced him to Mr. Courtney, and placed them opposite each other at table. The dinner went on; the girl in waiting brought in a cup of tea, and put it before Mr. Courtney. He said: "I do not drink hot tea; bring me some with ice in it," which was procured by myself from the tank there. It was a small piece. I passed through into the barroom, thinking to get a larger one; but then, observing it was large enough, I went on into the dining-room. I then poured the tea from the regular teapot on the ice in the goblet, and placed it before Mr. Courtney. The dinner passed off, and all parties left the table my father being the last. After this we dined about a dozen people, which took until two o'clock. About this time I noticed Mr. Courtney going from the reading-room upstairs with two gentlemen. I did not see him again until between three and four o'clock, when someone told me that he was sick. I went directly to his room, and found him lying on the bed. I asked him what was the matter. He replied that he felt very sick. I asked how he accounted for it. One of his friends replied that he had been drugged. "What makes you think so?" I asked. "Because," replied his friend, "he has been vomiting." I then examined the vessels in the room and saw no indications there of a man having vomited, and asked where he vomited, and the reply was "In the water-closet." I then went in search of a doctor. Learned at the dock that Dr. Olcott was on the ground, and I went to find him. I soon learned that he had been found by someone else, and was already at my house. I went up to the room, and found Dr. Olcott with Mr. Courtney. I did not feel somehow satisfied about the statement made that Mr. Courtney had vomited up his dinner, and to satisfy myself I examined the water-closet carefully. There were three persons with me at the time, and none of us could discover any indications of vomit. The closet is constructed on the dry-earth plan, and it would have been an impossibility for a man to have vomited in it and left no indications. I could not even discover any appearance of sickness about the man; and when he left for New York that evening by the train he was the picture of health. All this might not have been noticed by me had I not been looking for something which I understood was to occur.

I will explain. Mr. J. E. McIntosh of Ithaca, N. Y., came to me and said he was betting on Riley. I advised me to hold the stakes. I declined to receive the money; but he insisted that, as I was the proprietor of the hotel, the money, he felt, would be safer in my hands. I then received the money, and at the same time remarked: "You are a friend of Mr. Courtney's?" He replied that he was, but Riley was going to win. This man not only claimed to be a friend of Mr. Courtney, but lived within a very few miles of him. Again, I noticed that a number of Mr. Courtney's intimate friends bet their money the same way that Mr. McIntosh did. It was reported among certain professionals that it was an understood thing that Riley was to be allowed to win the race. Thus matters stood up to the arrival of Darwin and Vernam from New York, when certain other friends of Mr. Courtney, who were not posted as to what was going on, arrived on the ground, and the fact became known that they had made heavy bets on Courtney, and he, learning this fact, got very nervous over it, and it was then that the story of his being poisoned was hatched up. Courtney, in my opinion, got sick to help his friends out, for in this way all bets would be off.

It has been currently reported that I was interested in the way of bets on Riley. This is true to this extent: I did bet a pint bottle of wine with Hon. E. W. Wilson, a guest of my house, that Riley would win the race. No other bet did I make, and I challenge any party to prove anything to the contrary. The story of poison is too absurd to receive any serious attention; and yet, if there be any who believe it, let me say that I hereby agree to pay the sum of $500 to any person who will produce the proof that Mr. Courtney was poisoned while in my house, or that he was poisoned at all. I am not a physician, but yet I feel satisfied that he was not suffering from the effects of poison; and when Dr. Olcott, one of the leading physicians of Brooklyn, and Dr. Ward, an eminent physician of Newark, testify that he was not even a sick man, I am convinced that Mr. Courtney was only acting a very dishonorable part. SAMSON W. GEORGE.

LONG ISLAND YACHT CLUB.

The annual regatta of this club was held on the upper bay on Monday, July 16, and proved a gratifying success, weather and wind favoring, and the starters being numerous. The boats, which were sailed in their working rigs, were manned by Corinthian crews, who handled them cleverly, as a rule. The course for the first three classes was from a stakeboat anchored off the club-house to Robbins Reef buoy, thence to Fort Layfayette and return, the course to be sailed over twice, and making a distance of about twenty miles. For the cat-rigged boats the course was from the same starting-point to Oyster Island buoy and home, to go twice around the course. Thirty were fourteen starters, and upon receiving the signal they went over the imaginary line in the following order and time: Admiral Rowan, 1h. 46m. 9s.; Revelle, 1.46:26; Emma B., 1.46:41; Let Her Be, 1.48:21; Pauline K., 1.48:44; Artful Dodger, 1.48:57; C. M. Felt, 1.49:57; Martha Munn, 1.54:20; Susie S., 1.55:14; Faith, 1.58:02; Au Revoir, 1.58:53; Only Daughter, 2.02:00; Hi Pi, 2.02:09; Kate Joralemon, 2.02:28. The Reveille soon took first position from the Rowan, but was herself outsailed by the Let Her Be, which in turn was forced to surrender the lead to the fast-sailing Susie S., which kept well in front, as is her wont, until the end of the race. The wind was strong enough from the east of south to bring out the best sailing qualities of the vessels on this triangular course, and a full distance was sailed by all but one of the competitors. The order and time of arrival at home, etc., were as follow:

FIRST CLASS—CABIN-SLOOPS.

	Finish.	Actual time.	Corrected time.
Reveille	5h. 33m. 00s.	3h. 46m. 34s.	3h. 46m. 34s.
Admiral Rowan	5 51 02	4 04 53	3 55 53
Emma B.	5 45 08	3 58 22	3 55 02

FIRST CLASS—OPEN-SLOOPS.

Let Her Be	5	25	12	3	36	41	3	32 31
Susie S.	5	27	00	3	44	27	3	32 57
C. M. Felt	5	34	09	3	44	12	3	37 32
Fannie K.	5	51	34	4	02	50	3	56 10
Artful Dodger	5	42	04	3	50	07	3	52 07
Martha Munn	5	49	04	3	59	11	3	57 31

SECOND CLASS—OPEN-SLOOPS.

Faith	5	58	57	4	00	58	3	59 30
Au Revoir	5	27	27	3	39	09	3	41 09
Only Daughter	4	05	27	2	03	18	2	05 08
Hi Pi	4	06	27	2	03	18	2	05 08
Kate Joralemon	4	04	11	2	04	11	2	04 11

withdrawn.

The Reveille, Susie S., Au Revoir and Hi Pi were the winners in their respective classes, the Susie S. likewise taking champion pennant for the first boat in, irrespective of class. After the race a clam-chowder, to which all hands were invited by ex-Commodore Bates, was discussed with a keen relish.

TRICKETT DEFEATS RUSH.

On Saturday, June 30, a match was rowed on the Paramatta River, Sydney, New South Wales, between Edward Trickett of Sydney and Michael Rush of the Clarence River, who sculled for £400 and the championship of the world. A telegram states: "The present match, to a certain extent, was brought about in consequence of Trickett's visit to England, when, in 1876, Sadler is said to succumb to him on the Thames. Prior to his departure from the Australian colonies, Rush expressed his determination to challenge Trickett should the latter prove the better man in his match with Sadler; and, as he did so, the friends of Rush lost no time in arranging the present contest upon Trickett's return. Trickett, who is only 26 years of age, lacks the physique of Rush, yet his style of rowing shows that he possesses great strength and reach, which, as the result proves, more than counterbalanced the superior stamina of his opponent. Rush, who is a native of Ireland, is between 32 and 33; and, as both men have met before with varying success, the present match was invested with more than ordinary interest. Both men had undergone a careful course of training; and, though it was generally conceded that Trickett had gained the greater amount of experience in rowing and the use of the sliding-seat, Rush had the larger number of admirers. The draft of the articles stated 'that the race should take place on June 30, from the hailing-house off Charity Point, on the Paramatta River, to a boat off the Brothers Rocks, in best-and-best boats, for £200 a side; a boat to be moored 100yds. off the Brothers Rocks, and the contesting boats to pass between the moored boats and the rocks. Both men are to row under the same regulations observed in the race on the Thames between Trickett and Sadler.' The distance was over the usual champion course, about three miles and a half, and Trickett beat Rush easily by six lengths. By his victory he retains the championship which he took from Sadler in 1876."

CAPT. CRAPO'S VOYAGE.—Captain Geare of the bark Amphitrite, from Bristol for Quebec, Canada, reports June 26, in latitude 44deg. 39min north, longitude 46deg. west, met the 170-foot schooner-rigged whaleboat New Bedford, twenty-two days out, with Mr. and Mrs. Crapo on board; hove to, and the two voyagers boarded the Amphitrite. They remained to dinner, and expressed themselves well satisfied so far with their voyage to Europe, and stated that they had enjoyed good health. At parting, Captain Geare provided them with wine, water, and a few small articles they required. When the two small vessels separated, the New Bedford steered eastnortheast, and the bark company gave them three cheers, and wished them "God speed." A subsequent dispatch, dated London, July 22, states that the little vessel arrived at Mount's Bay, Cornwall, Eng., on the night of the 21st, and landed at Penzance next morning. They encountered three gales, lost some of their sailing, and were obliged to lie-to for fifteen days. Capt. Crapo's left hand is nearly useless through constant steering.

THE EMMA D. AND ROSINA, small jib and mainsail boats, sailed a match race on the 17th inst.; course, from the Empire Club-house, foot of One Hundred and Fourth street, this city, round the Gangway buoy in Long Island Sound, and return—about thirty miles. Though starting twenty seconds later than her opponent, the Emma D. went round the Gangway buoy nearly three minutes ahead, and finished three minutes and nineteen seconds before the Rosina, thus winning by 2m. 11⅛s., as she allowed the other boat 1m. 27⅞s.

BOSTON YACHT CLUB.—The first of a series of regattas by which is to be decided the championship of the second and third class yachts was held by the Boston (Mass.) Yacht Club at City Point July 17. There were not so many entries as usual, and comparatively little interest was manifested in the affair. The winners were as follow: Second-class — keel-schooner Herman, W. Goodwin master; third-class—centre-board schooner Posey, F. C. Hersey master.

THE OLDEST WINE in the world was recently discovered by M. Berthelot in the Borelly Museum, at Marseilles. Among the antiquities there he found a glass vessel which had been taken from an ancient Roman tomb. The vessel in question had been closed by melting the upper portion. It contained a colored liquid which analysis showed to be wine, with a fair percentage of alcohol and the usual constituents of fermented grape-juice. It is supposed to be an offering to the dead.

THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) YACHT CLUB held their annual regatta July 20. There were seven starters, but three of the boats met with accidents shortly after starting, which caused their withdrawal. The Sonora took the prize in the sloop class, the Gleam the first and the Wanderer the second in the catrigged.

THE NAHASSET YACHT CLUB sailed their annual regatta at Cohasset, Mass., July 17. Nine second-class, five third-class and two fourth-class boats competed, the winners being the Peri, Nora and Sculpin.

ALFRED B. WATSON of the Adelphia and James F. Peacock of the Excelsior Club, both of Paterson, N. J., are matched to row a single-scull race of one mile on Aug. 25, for ten dollars a side.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FIFTY MILES WALK—FAST TIME.

A walking race of fifty miles, for prizes of £15, £5 and £2, came off at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng., July 9, seventeen starting. Hancock dashed away with the lead, followed by his brother, Lewis, Chilman, S. Taylor, and Lake, and in the first three miles no alteration of note took place. Entering the fifth mile, A. Hancock led by 180yds., O. Hancock being second, Lake a lap and sixty yards behind the latter, Lewis next, Chilman fifth, A. Taylor sixth, and Butler seventh

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ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

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THE SAVANNAH NEWS, FEB. 3, 1877.
Boyd and Wade, the end-men, are hard to beat.—In fact, their eccentricities are excruciating, and the audience were kept in continual laughter. Boyd and Wade as clog-dancers were the most artistic and graceful that have appeared on our boards for a long time. They certainly gave a full exhibition of the poetry of motion, and were most vociferously encored.

THE TIMES, DALLAS, TEXAS, MARCH 27.
Boyd and Wade were fine and funny, and won much applause.

THE GAZETTE, HOT SPRINGS, TEXAS, APRIL 10.
Boyd and Wade in their inimitable sketches and clog exercises were the favorites of the evening.

THE JOURNAL, HOT SPRINGS, ARK., JUNE 10.
* * * And the numerous jokes perpetrated by Charley Boyd and Tommy Wade are by no means the stale, flat old gags retailed daily by circus clowns, but, on the contrary, are fresh and spicy. They made some of the happiest hits we ever heard. They were appreciated, too, if we may judge by the uproarious applause with which they were received. The dual clog-dance in fancy costume by Boyd and Wade was a feature of the entertainment which elicited many a cheer.

THE ATCHISON CHAMPION, ATCHISON, KAN., JUNE 23.
Tom Wade and Charley Boyd on the ends are the acme of mirth, and they keep the audience in a roar throughout the first-part. We did not hear a single old "gag" during the entire evening. Charley Boyd and Tom Wade, in their handsome silk suits, did a splendid double-clog.

THE DAILY DEMOCRAT, DENVER, COL., JULY 7, 1877.
In "The Heathen Chinee" Charley Boyd "brought down the house," figuratively speaking, and was obliged to respond before the applause was quieted. Boyd and Wade, the funny and agile end-men, introduced Part Two with songs-and-dances. This part of the business pleased the gallery overmuch, while the dress-circle and reserved seats approved the call for more.

THE TOWN TALK, CENTRAL CITY, COL., JULY 11.
The two end-men Charley Boyd and Tommy Wade are persons who thoroughly understand keeping the audience in an uproar of laughter. In the double-clog Boyd and Wade are the best that have appeared here for many a day, and "The Heathen Chinee" by Charley Boyd is almost worth the price of admission. 18-1t

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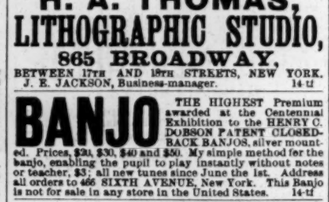

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